JOHN BULL

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[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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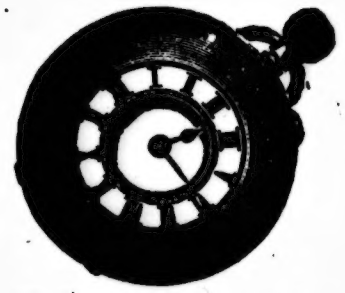

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The principal feature of the autumn session, so far, has been the active assertion of a little independent group within the ranks of the official Opposition. Sitting immediately behind Mr. Balfour, but utterly disregarding his authority and counsel, this little band has practically "run the show." Rumour speaks of midnight conclaves and dark-lantern conspiracies, and it looks as if we are soon to have a Fifth Party—and, strangely enough, consisting of five, just as the old Fourth Party consisted of four. Of course, the explanation is that Mr. Balfour, without Mr. Chamberlain, is powerless to control even the little army of which he is the Commander-in-Chief. "You ignore the Front Bench too much," the Tory Whip is reported to have recently remarked to one of the Fifths, and the reply he got was, "We regard the Front Bench in the same light as we regard the front doorstep—you must walk over it, or keep out in the cold." So we look like having warm times.

Mr. Chamberlain, we regret to state, is still very ill. His political career is ended. [Other papers, please contradict.]

Whatever his views upon the drink question, everybody who exercises some conscientious care in selecting objects of charity should withhold subscriptions from the London Temperance Hospital. There may be, perhaps, a possible excuse for the main object of that institution, which, instead of being the simple one of curing diseases, is to try to prove that they can be effectively cured, in most cases, without the aid of alcohol. But the boast of the authorities that when alcohol *must* be administered, "it is given in a form that makes the dose a nauseous one," discloses a practice as wicked as it is absurd. Further, we are told that "it is only in cases that are almost hopeless that alcohol is given in its rectified form." In all other cases, "the spirit is eliminated." In encouraging this sort of thing, Sir Victor Horsley assumes a very grave responsibility. He deserves prosecution quite as much as the Christian Scientists and the Peculiar People.

The conduct of the suffragettes when hauled up at court was as theatrical as within Parliamentary precincts it was stupid and indecent. The present attitude of public opinion towards these frantic females was reflected in the crowd outside the Westminster Court, for those who were fortunate enough to escape the gruel were received with contumely and derision. Hardly a single voice was raised for the "cause." The truth is, esdames Billington, Pankhurst, Kenney and Co. have set back the Woman's Suffrage Movement for years by their silly tactics. The screaming sisterhood will *never* catch on.

Very properly, Lord Justice Moulton has withdrawn his appeal in the action brought against him by his stepdaughters. That a man of his position at the Bar, earning his income at the Bar, and assisted in his early

struggles by the mother of the plaintiffs in the action, should have put himself in the position which compelled them to take proceedings for what to all intents and purposes was the recovery of their fortune was not a credit to him; and, in plain truth, the defence he set up to their demands was not a credit to him either. The Mr. Moulton, K.C., of that day is the Lord Justice Moulton of to-day, but it will be long before he lives down the public memory of that episode.

We hereby call the attention of the authorities of the Natural History Museum to the fact of the discovery of a new species of Jehu. He recently drove a fare, and at the end of the journey charged him three shillings, which was paid without protest. On arriving home, and pondering deeply on the subject of Metropolitan distances, he came to the conclusion that he had charged a shilling too much, and, wrestling with his conscience, he returned a shilling by postal order. A Jehu of this kind is not only entitled to congratulation, but to glory, and we suggest that he shall be acquired (when deceased), and preserved in a suitable medium as the rarest specimen of *genus jehu homo* known to his day and generation.

Our friends over in Guernsey are taking time by the forelock in the matter of temperance reform. Here is one of the clauses from an Ordinance which has just been promulgated:—

> Hotel-keepers, publicans, and licensed retailers shall cause any drunken person that may be on their premises to be taken home or taken reasonable care of.

Everybody knows that the general tone of a paper in which a journalist is accustomed to write unconsciously influences his manner. Each member of the staff of the *Daily News* should, therefore, upon approaching the subject of sport, pray to be delivered from slander and inaccuracy. How absurd is the cackle of the article the other day upon the "remarkable victory" which the authorities of Liverpool are said to have won "in their campaign against Magnus"! The prosecution was a "walk-over," our contemporary *Truth* having frequently taunted the police for ignoring an obvious violation of the law. "Liverpool," continues the *Daily News*, "has reason to put down the terrible pest of organised gambling, for it was one of her banks which some years ago suffered a noted robbery on the part of a clerk who had been captured by the bookmakers." How often must we contradict this pious perversion of recent history? The clerk was robbed by thieves who pretended to be putting the money on with bookmakers.

Although the technical illegality of the method by which Magnus conducted his business is beyond question, it would be difficult to show, even from the most anti-gambling point of view, that any public benefit can accrue from its alteration. His deposit system, like his careful inquiry through Stubbs as to the financial position of his customers, tended to prevent his doing harm by tempting people to risk more than they could afford. It would be as well if the newspapers that criticise him were as careful in the supervision of their "quack" and "bucket-shop" advertisements.

The *Weekly Dispatch* contains a story of a girl of thirteen who, upon being molested by a man in the course of a country walk, prayed to God for succour. While she was praying another man arrived, at sight of whom the molester took himself off. This story is told as a striking instance of the efficacy of prayer. Its accuracy is guaranteed by the publication of the girl's portrait. In an interview with her parents by a representative of the *Dispatch* the circumstance is described as a "miracle."

In a similar prominent position on the front page of the *Dispatch*, with similar flaring headlines of "Girl's Fight with Kidnappers. Deplorable Incident in a London Street. Hansom Cab Mystery," as if the occurrence were an important event of the week, is an equally striking narrative. It is an account, uncorroborated in any single detail, by a young woman, of two aliens, or, in her own words, "well-dressed foreigners," placing a lozenge in her mouth and trying to push her into a cab, while she was waiting outside a shop in Westbourne Grove. Having ascertained that the police knew nothing of the matter, nor the cabman, nor, indeed, anybody else in the locality, the *Dispatch* published it, with a portrait of the heroine, in illustration of the dangers of the London streets. Both stories are equally—true.

We observe, with pleasure, that Father Vaughan denies the *Daily Mail* report that when he heard about General Ouchakoff chasing his faithless wife about the Continent, he observed that, "If it were my case, I would chuck the woman, and tell her to go to the Devil." She has, however, gone all the same.

We congratulate the Rev. J. M. Barnes, B.A., of Cambridge, upon the novel defence he put forward in the King'sLynn County Court the other day, when sued by his grocer for goods supplied, and we commiserate with him on the failure of his plea. The reverend gentleman, disavowing the injunction to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," contended that, inasmuch as he had no employment or settled income, the plaintiff was *his* debtor, in that, having more of this world's goods than he needed, he owed it to Society to give of his surplus to those who in the struggle for existence had been less fortunate.

A beautiful idea—worthy of the new socialism. The late Sam Lewis boasted that he was chief almoner, for he took from the Lord, and gave to the Poor. Bill Sykes has long been carrying into effect Mr. Barnes' ethics, without—whenever he can help it—a magistrate's interference; whilst if the reverend gentleman be sincere in his belief, we fail to see why he does not enter his "debtor's" shop and help himself to anything he may fancy. Of course, he must be prepared for the spreading of his gospel—and in cold weather he must not go about in an overcoat; some chivering beggar may take a fancy to it!

The defence put forward under the bonâ fide travellers Act by a delinquent at Woolwich the other day, that it was a very hot day, and he was thirsty, will not do. It won't hold water—or beer. As the magistrate pointed out, it is illegal to be thirsty on a Sunday, except during certain hours.

A man, charged with disturbing a religious meeting in Hyde Park, by calling the clergyman addressing it "a liar and a fraud," turned out to be a church verger in the neighbourhood, who strongly objects to religious meetings of any kind being held in the Park. Mr. Denman ordered him to pay a fine or go to prison; but the cause of his objection was not elicited. We presume he was acting upon trade union principles, or had he grown weary of the perpetual devotional functions he was doomed to attend?

The descriptive writing about the Bruce-Clifford wedding in the half-penny papers is even finer than usual. It was certainly a superb stroke of humour on the part of the enterprising young couple to let a "secret" wedding follow their carefully-concealed engagement. It may comfort the public to know, on the authority of the *Daily Mirror*, that there was "little of the austerity of officialdom" about the room where the deed was done; that the veteran registrar "beamed in benign, fatherly fashion on the beautiful girl," and "with unofficial kindliness" offered her a seat. "Of course," remarked one of the "officials" to the repre-

sentative of the *Daily Mirror*, "we perform hundreds of marriage ceremonies here during the year, but I have rarely seen one in which a couple seemed so fond of each other." It would be interesting to know what "tip" this official received.

We congratulate Mr. Justice Grantham, not only on having attained the age of seventy-one years, but upon his stupendous courage in remaining upon the Bench so long after the public have lost confidence in his fitness to occupy the seat of judgment. In private life his lordship is a pleasant and popular old gentleman, who loves to play the part of Squire Benevolent, and he is so fond of children that he takes them round his estate in droves and discourses to them on the wonders and beauties of nature. This is a delightful occupation for old age, and presently, perhaps, his Lordship will decide to leave the Bench and devote himself wholly to it. Why should he linger in the musty purlieus of the law when he can find such blessedness in Arcadia?

The Lord Mayor's coachman has now returned from Paris, highly gratified with his reception, although he has had some difficulty in preserving his pink legs from the too flattering attentions of les petites Parisiennes. Despite his magnificent clothes and great dignity, he does not appear to have been able to prevent certain bold grisettes from testing the genuineness of his calves by digging hat pins, hair pins, and parasols into them. This, in Paris, may be accepted as popularity. Mr. Wright refused to be angry, and the placidity of his mind was never for one moment disturbed. He has done as much for the *entente cordiale* as anybody.

That is an excellent story which Lady Dorothy Neville tells of her father, the third Earl of Orford. The Earl, it seems, hated steam, never entered a train, attired himself in "nankeen shorts with white stockings and a brass-buttoned blue coat with big collar over a beautifully embroidered waistcoat," and swore horribly. He was being driven in a post chaise one night through a continental forest, and suspecting the driver of being ignorant of the way, poured on him a torrent of abusive language. This so alarmed the man that, with the exclamation, "Je ne veux pas conduire le diable"—"I can't drive the devil"—he unfastened the traces, made off with the horses at a gallop, and left the earl to pass the night in the wood.

We doubt whether Mr. Balfour's declaration that there are no compromising letters in the matter of the Wyndham-Dudley-Dunraven-MacDonnell "affaire" will much comfort the Ulster Irreconcilables. In the first place, Mr. Balfour is a metaphysician and a sophist, and both are suspect. In the second place, he has delayed his statement too long to make it effective. There may be nothing compromising in the MacDonnell correspondence; on the other hand, Mr. Balfour may be prepared with a definition of the word "compromising" which is not to be found in the dictionaries. In any case, it is a queer corner which he cannot wriggle out of, for his dialectic is equal to any proposition, pro or con. Surely he never had but one equal, and this was the eminent Grecian philosopher who argued that there was no such thing as motion, because no thing could be in two places at the same moment; it had to be either here or there. And even that great genius is now deceased.

The Bishop of Winchester appears to have alarmed himself unduly. The other day he lashed himself into a white wrath on hearing that idols were being made in Birmingham. At one time, no doubt, say a quarter of a century ago, Birmingham turned out brazen and other images for the heathen in his blindness who bows down to wood and stone. Now the joss trade is in the hands of the Yankees, who are always out for business, and whether the business runs to josses, or unmitigated pig, or potted boot soles, does not disturb their conscience. The only idols they make in Birmingham now are to be found at Highbury; and even they, we regret to say, are in a sorry way.

Though in Parnellite days the late Colonel Saunderson was always threatening to line the ditches with bayonets, the only time he was ever called upon to assume a martial air was while he lived in Sloane Street. By the light of the midnight oil he was carefully preparing sundry impromptus wherewith to pulverise Parnell, Tim Healy, and the G.O.M. His attention diverted for a moment from his manuscript, he saw a snake creeping stealthily towards him. The Colonel often lacked discretion, but he never lacked courage; and in a twinkling that snake lay dead at his feet, and was presently pickled and utilised as a drawing-room ornament.

The sequel came a few evenings later. The Colonel, dining in Stratton Street, told this snake story. Another guest, a popular actor, who had been listening intently, suddenly exclaimed, "Heavens! That's my snake." This was the fact. The Colonel and the actor lived next door to each other, and the snake, one of the actor's treasures, had climbed over his garden wall and through the open window of the Colonel's study. Lord Esher, who was also at table, was there and then called upon to decide the ownership of the snake. He decided that it was the property of its original owner. On the other hand, it had absorbed a certain amount of the Colonel's pickle, and to this the owner of the snake was not entitled; so the actor was entitled to the snake without the pickle, and the Colonel to the pickle without the snake. It was a judgment of Solomon, but we believe the Colonel kept the lot.

Mr. Asquith's proud spirit is to be broken. "The Chancellor of the Exchequer must either give up his present attitude towards us or go," says that suffrageous lady, Mrs. Pankhurst. Moreover, she adds that the Women's Political and Social Union have decided to run a candidate against him in East Fife. The right hon. gentleman now knows what to expect. Everything being arranged, therefore, perhaps the suffragettes would now refrain from making themselves too utterly too too.

There was a general sigh of relief in legal circles at the news that the mysterious case of burglary in a barrister's flat in Gray's Inn had ended in the Grand Jury throwing out the bill. It was felt that Mr. Archer Moresby White, whose present "housekeeper," Miss Collins, had given a former "housekeeper" into custody, had been rather unfortunate in having been claimed as the husband of the latter, who had at first described herself as "Marie White," but afterwards admitted that her name was Evans. No relationship of a strictly orthodox matrimonial character had apparently existed, but there seemed to be material for scandal which the cheap and nasty evening and morning papers were waiting for with Northcliffian eagerness. It was said openly by the reporters at the North London Sessions, where the case was taken, that they had instructions to do justice to the case to the extent of two or more columns. We are delighted that these harpies were disappointed, for nothing could have been more unfortunate on the opening day of the new law term than to have a repetition of the flaming posters that appeared when the girls were before the Police Magistrate. There is something to be said for the more strict regulation of the residential chambers of these Inns of Court, and perhaps this will come ere long. The whole case reminds us of the story of Dean Vaughan's experiences when that learned divine was Master of the Temple. He wished to introduce a high moral tone into the legal retreat, and he gave directions that every lady entering the precincts of the Inn after dark was to enter her name in a book and say whom she called to see. When the book was brought

before the Benchers, it appeared that all the lady visitors had unblushingly stated that they had come to spend the week-end with the venerable Dean himself!

On a Municipal Socialist.

As a little municipal baby I lay
In a little municipal cradle;
And sipped a little municipal milk
From a little municipal ladle.

I served in a little municipal shop,
Selling little municipal matches;
I joined a little municipal band,
And sang little municipal catches.

I went to a little municipal church,
With a little municipal steeple,
And bent at a little municipal shrine,
With the rest of municipal people.

Long known to my little municipal friends
As Little Municipal Boffin,
I lie in a little municipal grave,
And a little municipal coffin.

We have taken a casual glance through the advertisement pages of the November *Royal Magazine*, and find that they contain the following objectionable announcements of cures for

Red Noses.—T. C. Temple (specialist), 9, Pugh Place, Carnaby Street, W.
Blushing.—K. N. Temple (specialist), same address.
Thinness.—R. D. Temple, Association, 10, Pugh Place, Golden Square, W.
Thin Busts.—Madame C. M. Temple, The Temple Association, same address.
Superfluous Hair.—Helen L. C. Temple, 9, Pugh Place, Carnaby Street, London, W.

It is a pity that Mr. C. A. Pearson, whose company owns the *Royal*, and who is so solicitous about protecting the public against the importation of foreign goods, should not be as anxious about protecting them against quack nostrums of Home-made manufacture.

John Bull's Biscuits.

Award No. 77.

For promising a subscription to the Woman's Suffrage Movement of ten pounds for each day his wife remains in prison,

MR. F. W. PETHICK LAWRENCE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 78.

For its placard at the opening of Parliament, "Shall the House of Lords be disbanded? Mr. Balfour's views!"

THE "DAILY EXPRESS"
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 79.

For ridiculing Mr. Herbert Paul for calling Goschen old enough to be Randolph Churchill's father, because there was "only eighteen years" between them,

THE LITERARY CRITIC OF THE "STANDARD"
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 80.

For suggesting that people should cultivate "nightly exercise of those muscles which are cramped in the daytime,"

MR. EUSTACE MILES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 81.

For spending nine hours a day for three months in writing one post-card,

PETER PAIKOO (OF SOFIA)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 82.

For securing the Governor of Gloucester Gaol, and locking him in one of the cells.

MICHAEL HARNETT (*alias* "LONDON MICK")
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

John Bull Debentures.

Closing of the Lists.

The allotment of the Debentures offered, last week, for exclusive subscription by our readers, will be made on Tuesday next, November 6th, *and no application will be considered which arrives after the first post on that day.*

The issue consists of £25,000 *in* 5 *per cent. Debentures of* £10 *each, or any multiple thereof, constituting a first charge upon the assets and undertaking of* John Bull, Limited (*the proprietors of* John Bull), and for every £10 of Debentures subscribed the Founder transfers, free of charge, ten fully-paid shares of £1 each, *Interest on the Debentures is payable half-yearly.*

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LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

III.—REMINISCENCES BY FRANK HARRIS.

It wasn't only his irritable and passionate temper which made him discourteous; he was often rude from sheer desire to rule; his self-assertion frequently taking the form of rudeness when argument failed him or knowledge of the matter at issue. I could give a dozen instances of this, but all who knew him will accept the statement.

Character, not Intellect.

The character of the man, the tiger-leap of him, the rush and fury of his assault were always more noteworthy than his intelligence. He had a good head, but there were half-a-dozen men on each side of the House of Commons with at least as good brains, and certainly better equipped by dint of reflection and reading; but Randolph was a born fighter, a combatant of the first order. The very same talent which made Captain John Churchill the first general in Europe and first Duke of Marlborough was Randolph's distinctive gift. In every other respect (except, perhaps, a wide knowledge of the Irish question, which was won from long intercourse with the ablest Irishmen of the time), he was an ordinary English gentleman, with the usual insular prejudices and prepossessions. But the moment a fight was on he took the lead irresistibly by right divine of genius. Two instances of this gift may suffice. With the imperial impartiality which illumines almost every page of the *Life*, Mr. Winston Churchill has given to Sir Henry Drummond Wolff the credit of first attacking Mr. Bradlaugh when he presented himself at the table of the House and requested to be allowed to affirm rather than to take an oath which was to him without meaning. But no one who followed the debates at the time would dream of giving the credit of the extraordinary victory which ensued, to anyone but Randolph Churchill.

Randolph a Born Leader.

The present Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Hartington, once told me, I remember, how astonished he was by the talent as a leader which Randolph showed at this time—I think it was on the occasion when Bradlaugh, who had been refused permission to affirm, came to the table and said that he would take the oath. At once the proposal was made from the Fourth Party that he should not be allowed to take the oath. The leaders of both sides of the House regarded this proposal as unconstitutional, indeed, almost absurd. "Some of us," said Lord Hartington, "thought that Randolph and his following would win sixty votes, and have both parties in the House against him. Mr. Gladstone, I remember, didn't put it nearly as high. It is impossible to describe our astonishment when the leaders of both parties found themselves in one Lobby with nine-tenths of the House of Commons following Lord Randolph in the other. I then began to realise that he knew more about the House of Commons than I did, or anybody else."

The Bradlaugh incident did more to discredit Mr. Gladstone and the huge majority with which he came to power in '80 than any other incident, except perhaps, later, the desertion of Gordon.

Randolph Churchill's innate genius as a leader has hardly been brought into due prominence. Immediately after his death I told, in *The Saturday Review*, how Lord Hartington spoke of him in comparison with the greatest leaders he had known, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli.

"Mr. Gladstone," he said, "in spite of his infinite gifts, was never what I should call a favourite with the House of Commons. He understood the feelings and prejudices of the House, because he had had the same education and up-bringing as the rest of us; but when he differed from the House on any point, he broke himself against it. It always seemed to me that Mr. Gladstone was imposed upon the House by the country, and that he got his power in the House from his influence in the country.

"Mr. Disraeli, on the other hand, didn't understand the House at all; but when he made a mistake and got at loggerheads with the House he always showed infinite quickness and dexterity in withdrawing from an untenable position and putting himself right with the House. Towards the end his influence, through this dexterity and a certain magnanimity of nature, was very great.

"Randolph Churchill, on the other hand, led the House with genius. He knew what the House of Commons wanted better than the House itself. No one has ever been like him; no one has ever equalled or approached him in this respect."

But the testimony of a very impartial observer is not sufficient for those who did not know the man. Future generations will want to know how Randolph Churchill showed his supreme gift; they will want evidence of his capacity for leadership.

Randolph as Leader of the House of Commons.

It would not be difficult to prove that he led the House of Commons better than it was ever led before or since. For example, it is the custom, I believe, for the Whip to find out which Ministers wish to speak, and which Opposition Leaders, and arrange the order with the Speaker. I don't know the exact procedure, but I do know that it has always been a half-casual arrangement, ordered by the Whips with the Speaker and with Ministers in a somewhat haphazard way: "So-and-So, one of the leaders of the Opposition, wants to speak, and as So-and-So (a Cabinet Minister) wants to speak, too; perhaps the Cabinet Minister had better follow."

But Randolph interfered in this matter, and made of each evening a planned attack or a planned defence and entertainment. He used to say, "put up So-and-so to speak, and tell him I want him to say this, that, and the other; that will draw the Grand Old Man, then I shall answer him"; or, "If So-and-so (an Opposition figure) wants to speak, let So-and-so from our ranks follow him, and then if So-and-so from the Opposition retorts, he should be followed by So-and-so from our side." The fight was planned, the Conservative combatants chosen, and to the astonishment of the House, the Conservative Party, which had been regarded as far weaker in debate than the Liberals, scored success after success. It was bewildering to those who didn't understand battle tactics.

Once or twice Randolph met difficulty from his own side. Sir Richard Temple was determined to speak on a certain evening, and when the Whips told him that Randolph didn't wish him to speak, the great Indian administrator told them that he intended to speak, whether Randolph liked it or not.

"Go to him," said Randolph to the Whip, when he heard how the matter stood, "and tell him that I will answer him and make him d——d sorry for his speech." Thus insubordination was nipped in the bud; for Sir Richard Temple thought it better to keep quiet. In other words, Randolph disciplined the Conservative forces like a great army leader, and that is what he was in essence.

On another occasion Randolph had arranged that Baron de Worms, a fluent, platitudinous, pompous person, should speak, in order to draw Gladstone. His foresight was justified by the event. Hardly had the large Baron got on his feet when Gladstone seized a piece of paper and took hurried notes; on streamed the Baron, delighted that his words were so effective. When he had given himself away sufficiently, Randolph plucked him by the coat-tail. "That's enough," he smiled. But nothing could stop the Baron. Again Randolph tried; in vain. At last he plucked him by the coat again, and when the Baron turned, Randolph cried impatiently, and more than half-audibly: "Sit down, you ass!" And down sat pomposity horrified!

(To be continued.)

SHAMS.

A Palpable Fraud.

The following advertisement appearing in the *Financial News* recently caught the attention of one of our readers :—

> A Good INVESTMENT.—£2 paid monthly on £50. Less amounts same rate. Security, Life Income of £500 per annum, received in weekly instalments (not chargeable). Principals only. Trust Estate, 8, Matheson Road, W.

Upon writing to "Trust Estate," our correspondent received the following reply :—

> 8, Matheson Road, Kensington, W.
>
> "A GOOD INVESTMENT."—*Financial News.*
>
> DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter. the facts are simple. I have through litigation forfeited my income of over £500 per annum. The income is now paid to my wife (small amount to myself). She wishes to borrow £50, and will give bills of exchange, with interest added, for three or six months, to suit lender, if this will meet with your ideas. A larger amount for a longer period can be arranged, with a life policy as collateral security (there is no other security). We have resided here for three years, and have good credit.
>
> Yours faithfully,
>
> H. CLARKE.
>
> P.S.—My daughter, fifteen years of age, in reversion will come into £30,000.

Upon receipt of this communication, our opinion was asked as to whether Mr. Clarke's offer was one which might be accepted as a fair risk. We unhesitatingly say that Mr. "Clarke" is not a person with whom anyone should have dealings.

We have before us a letter of this Mr. "Clarke," written on July 9th last, in which he calls himself "Hamilton E. Pawley," and which we reproduced in JOHN BULL of August 25th. This is the letter :—

> 8, Matheson Road, Kensington, W.,
> July 9th, 1906.
>
> DEAR SIR,—I shall be pleased to see you here or call upon you by appointment. I have an Order of the Court whereby myself and wife receive £8 12s. 4d. a week on account of an income of over £500 per annum, which will increase. My sisters (five) have similar orders, and some of us want to borrow, with life policies as collateral security. Can you entertain a loan? I have other small good borrowers.—Yours faithfully,
>
> HAMILTON E. PAWLEY.

The reason why Mr. Hamilton E. Pawley now wishes to hide his identity under the alias of H. Clarke (at one time he was Hamilton and Hamilton *alias* Wire and Co., of Glasshouse Street, Piccadilly, and pretended to be on the rolls of solicitors, masquerading also occasionally as an accountant) is obvious; for on August 13th last, Mr. Pawley, under that name, appeared in the City of London Court under curious circumstances. He was summoned by Mr. A. F. Everett, of Revelstoke Road, Wandsworth, for the non-payment of £56, money lent in January of this year. He there told another story about his £500 a year. He said "he had forfeited the whole estates which had yielded that income, and that now he had only 13s. 4d. a week." In his letter of July 9th he says that he and his wife receive an income of £8 12s. 4d. per week, "on account of an income of over £500 per annum, which will increase," and in his last letter he says that the income is now paid to his wife. Two of these versions are obviously untrue. His first statement, induced Judge Lumley Smith, K.C., to refuse an order of committal for non-payment of his debt of £56 to Mr. Everett, and we regret to learn from his last letter—assuming that his statement be true—that he has "good credit" in Kensington.

The whole thing reeks of fraud from beginning to end, and we again ask Scotland Yard to clip the wings of Mr. Hamilton E. Pawley alias H. Clarke, of 8, Matheson Road, Kensington, W.

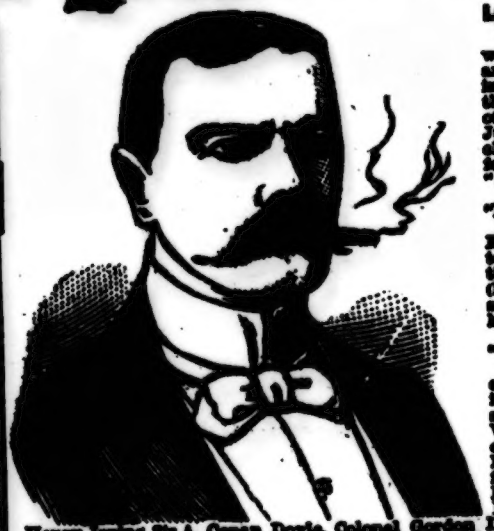
UNEQUALLED
IN DESIGN, QUALITY AND VALUE.

WINTER OVERCOATS
to measure from 40/-
STYLISH AUTUMN SUITS
to measure from 37/6
Patterns of materials and easy self-measure guide, post free.

A VISIT OF INSPECTION IS CORDIALLY INVITED.

ISAAC WALTON & Co. LTD.
97, 99 & 101 NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY, S.E
1, 3, 5, 7 & 9 LUDGATE HILL, E.C
518, 520 & 522 BRIXTON RD., S.W.
442, 444 & 446 HOLLOWAY RD., N
29-31 Grainger Street, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
39 & 40, Parliament Street, YORK.

MARSUMA



LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM
was one of the first amongst eminent men in England to recognise the wonderful merits of Marsuma Cigars. In July, 1903, Lord Kitchener sent us the following letter :—
"27, Belgrave Square,
"July 13, 1903.
"Messrs. Andiamio & Co.
"Dear Sirs,—Lord Kitchener desires me to express to you his thanks for the Cigars (Marsumas) you kindly sent him, and which he is much enjoying.
"Yours truly,
"F. A. MAXWELL, Capt."
Since then almost every well-known man in England has smoked and praised Marsumas. We have letters—in every case of praise of Marsuma's merits—from Right Honourable Lord Penrhyn, Sir Edmund Barton, Sir Henry Irving, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Colonel Gordon Ives, C.B., Lord George Campbell, Lord Hastings, Lord Mostyn, Mr. A. W. Pinero, Major-General Alex. D. Clay, Lieut.-General Sir R. Markham, Right Hon. Col. Saunderson, M.P., Lord Tredegar, Major-General Walter Kitchener, Right Hon. the Earl of Shannon, General W. O. Bernard, &c., &c.

"Marsumas grow on you. The more you smoke of them the more infatuated you become."

1—"SIAK" (Whiffs)	1d. each	4d. for	1/-	8/- per 100
2—"SUMBA"	2d. "	7d. "	1/-	16/- "
3—"SURABEGAL"	3d. "	10d. "	2/-	20/- "
4—"SURABAYA"	4d. "	13d. "	2/-	32/- "
5—"SURABAZARTA"	6d. "	20d. "	3/-	48/- "
6—"SURABARANG"	9d. "	28d. "	4/-	64/- "

Your Tobacconist (if satisfied with the profit) can obtain them for you. If you have any difficulty, write to us, and we will send name of nearest Tobacconist who stocks them) or forward you boxes direct.

H. ANDIAMIO & CO., Congleton, ENGLAND.
Send your address on postcard for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Judge a Good Cigar."

THE SALVATION ARMY.

An Inquiry into its Record, its Strength, its Finances, and its Present Position.

III.—THE DARKEST ENGLAND SCHEME, AND WHAT HAS COME OF IT.

In earlier issues, those of October 13th and 27th, attention has been directed to the religious organisation of the Army, and what is to be shown for it. Figures have been given—figures taken from the religious census of the *Daily News*, and analysed by Mr. Manson in his book on the Army—which indicate not only that the numerical strength of the Army is small, but that it is stationary, if not declining. It has also been shown that the members of the Army contribute much less to its maintenance than those of other religious denominations. We do not lay much stress upon this point because the Salvation Army leaders seek out the lowest and poorest section of the population, and so it is not surprising to find that the members of the Army contribute less in proportion than those, with larger means, who belong to other religious organisations. Still, the fact remains that the Salvation Army depends upon outside support to a very large extent, whereas no other religious organisation of any importance depends upon it at all. We have further given proof upon proof that the Salvation Army leaders treat the junior staff of the Army with very scant consideration, and often with a callousness and lack of sympathy impossible to justify. We now propose to deal with the social scheme inaugurated by General Booth in 1890, after he had stirred the country by eloquent descriptions of the want, and misery, and wickedness of the residuum.

That there is a considerable section of the community sadly in need of the assistance General Booth proposed to offer them is indisputable. Just as at the outset of his religious crusade he sought to save those so low down in the social scale that other religious organisations hardly touch them, so in his social scheme he proposed to work among the same residuum. He argued that no man was so fallen, none in such a completely hopeless condition, that, given proper management and assistance, he might not be made a man again. In order to do this General Booth, among other things, proposed first to create what came to be known as "Shelters," where the poorest might find a night's lodging and be decently treated, and be given advice and assistance which would help him if he cared to take them to a fairer life in the future. Then he proposed to transfer the people, or some of them, so gathered up, to farm colonies, where in the bracing air of the country they might be taught how to work the land, and make themselves efficient labourers. Having so taught them, he intended to draft them to the Colonies, where, under different conditions, cut off from all the old, bad associations, they might begin life anew with better prospects of success. Not only was General Booth confident that in this way he could reclaim large numbers of the residuum, he was equally confident that if only the public would give him the means of starting the organisation, in a short time, and once it was in working order, he would be able to make it self-supporting. Now let us see how he has succeeded in fulfilling these hopes.

The social scheme has been at work for 16 years, and therefore there has been ample time to judge whether General Booth's scheme has done that which it set out to do, or at any rate, has done a good deal of it. We will take first the shelters. After all, a man who does not know where to find a sleeping-place at night, who is too poor to take advantage of the humblest of the lodging houses of the metropolis, is he whose position is most desperate, and most in need of immediate assistance. Now we take it that the first desideratum of a lodging house intended to give shelter to the very destitute is that admission shall be made easy. Obviously, if a man cannot find the 4d. which will give him a night's lodging at a private house, he must be in a condition in which payment of any kind is almost impossible to him. As a matter of fact, the Salvation Army usually charges 4d. for "bed, supper and breakfast," and it is far from our desire to suggest that this is not a sufficiently modest charge. But then many of the destitute have not 4d. to spend, and if the intending lodger, man or woman, is a halfpenny short of that amount, he or she, regardless of the state of the weather, is turned away. That being the rule at the Army shelters, it is clear that General Booth does not carry out in its entirety the scheme for the relief of the utterly destitute he indicated when he started the darkest England scheme. Nor can the mere offer of bed and breakfast to those who can pay something for them be accurately described as "rescue work." Not only is payment demanded, but the food and accommodation given, which naturally must be of very plain character, is even less inviting than might be. Supper consists of a coarse chunk of bread and margarine and less than a pint of tea, made from the cheapest of tea dust, with a "bankruptcy stock" of sugar, and highly condensed milk added; breakfast, ditto. The bed is not a bed at all, but a coffin-like arrangement, raised only a few inches from the ground, with nothing but an American cloth sheet as covering. But then it may be said that, though the physical treatment is necessarily Spartan, there is an edifying moral atmosphere in these homes. But is there any such thing? Even in the oldest established shelters there are some dozens of men who have occupied the same bunks for years, paying their fourpences nightly, concerning whom the officers in charge know absolutely nothing. True, religious services are conducted, but instead of being reasoned with and tactfully shown the way—the long way—from the gutter to glory, these refugees are preached at, and so the seed falls on flint-like ground. We challenge the Army to say how many instances they can point to of genuine conversion amongst "shelterites," or of the smallest material assistance having been rendered at any time to a lodger. Here, as elsewhere, in the Salvation Army organisation, everything seems to be sacrificed to the desire to make money. We will take a single shelter, a fair specimen of the rest, and see how the money part of the business works out. This particular "Home for the Homeless" is an old building which in days gone by appears to have been a store of some sort. The sanitary arrangements of the place, to say the least, are imperfect; still, the London County Council, strict in many matters of much less importance, has certified the lodging house as capable of accommodating 450 human beings. The lodgers are packed like the proverbial sardine. The building was taken over as part of the "Darkest England and the way-out Scheme," and has since been bought outright, and so the main if not the only expenditure is in wages. The shelter is almost invariably "full-up," and 450 men at 4d. makes £7 10s. 0d. per night. In non-philanthropic common lodging-houses Sunday night is generally thrown in free to lodgers occupying the bed for the week. Not so with the Salvation Army, so that the weekly income of the shelter is £52 10s. 0d., or therabouts. On the other side of the account we have the officer in charge who gets 12s. per week; his assistant, 5s.; a cook and barman, each 4s. There are 15 or 16 orderlies averaging about 10d. per week. Total for wages, say, £2 per week. For staff food, 8d. per man per day, 13s. 4d., or, say, £5 per week. As for the cost of supper and breakfast, it must be remembered that the Army have bakeries of their own, and these are staffed to some extent with

destitutes, at starvation wages. Assuming the cost price of the piece of bread and margarine to be ½d., and the pint of tea another ½d., one penny has to be deducted from each fourpence taken; in other words, "suppers and breakfasts" cost £13 2s. 6d. per week; so that the gross balance on the credit side is, say, £32 per week, or a grand total of £1,664 per annum. From this £1,664 certain expenses have to be deducted—repairs, redecoration, and sundries in the way of stores—but £300 per annum should amply cover expenditure under these heads, and if another £100 is allowed from this one shelter for expenses of central organisation, there is still a credit balance of £1,250 per annum. Even supposing rent, rates, taxes, water, and gas were paid, these would not aggregate £500 per annum, and so, even with this outlay, there is a balance to the good of £750 per annum: this for one of about twenty shelters. The majority of the others accommodate a larger number of lodgers than the one we have instanced, at practically the same expenditure of wages and upkeep.

It is clear from these figures that a considerable income flows into the Salvation Army exchequer from the shelters, which may explain why so many of them are being opened in London and the provinces. But can it properly be said that shelters carried on under these conditions, where only those who can pay are admitted, where the payment demanded is that asked by hundreds of houses that have nothing to do with the Salvation Army, are accurately described as "social rescue work." So far as we can see, there is nothing in these Salvation shelters which differentiate them for the better from other shelters whose managers do not claim to be influenced by philanthropic considerations.

We are aware that the leaders of the Army justify and even take credit for making money out of these shelters on the ground that they always set their face against charity, and seek to make those brought within their fold pay their way. That is a very sound principle as generally applied, but is it possible to apply it to the Salvation Army shelters? Is it desirable so to apply it? The fact that from the charge made a large profit accrues is in itself evident that the inmates are treated with scant consideration. If General Booth's first object was to assist the absolutely destitute, why is it that he turns people away when they cannot pay the 4d. demanded? Surely the profit derived from those who pay 4d., or some of it, should go to the admission of those who have not 4d. to pay with? The work General Booth set out to do is not performed when a man without money in his pocket can get no assistance from the shelters. If he has his 4d. he can get accommodation elsewhere, and without it he cannot get assistance in General Booth's shelters. It may be said that to allow men who say they have no money lodging and food would be to invite the loafer and the worthless from all parts, but that is one of the inherent difficulties of any scheme for the assistance of the residuum. It was for General Booth to overcome it by his superior organisation, and intelligence department, and if he cannot do so, we cannot see wherein lies the especial merit of his shelters, or in what way they contribute to rescue work.

We have received from Messrs. Routledge and Sons, Limited, a complaint as to inadequate acknowledgment of our indebtedness to Mr. Manson's book "The Salvation Army and the Public," published by Messrs. Routledge and Sons some weeks ago. In our last issue we referred in terms of appreciation to this exhaustive and very valuable study of the Salvation Army organisation, but as Messrs. Routledge, and Mr. Manson himself, think that our acknowledgment has been inadequate, we beg leave to say that many of the statements that have appeared in the two preceding articles upon the Salvation Army rest upon Mr. Manson's authority. We thought we had made this plain in our second article, but as we do not seem to have done so, we desire to express our obligation to Mr. Manson's book, and our regret that this acknowledgment was not made more fully in our previous issues.

THE SPOILING OF LONDON.

By a Londoner.

Londoners, it has been often said, take very little interest in London. Its galleries are for the foreigner, its public buildings for the colonist, its "lions" for the country cousin; its vastness renders any sense of local patriotism difficult to rouse; many of its people pass a lifetime within its bounds, remaining ignorant of most of its historic sites, and knowing nothing of its beauties. Yet this is changing. Greater London is awaking to the interest of the central city within it; the foreigner and the colonial themselves have helped to stimulate the feeling, and even the huge inchoate mass of the London provinces, those vast neighbourhoods whose very names are barely known to the average club man or to the inhabitants of many London squares, are beginning to wake up.

Not for the first time. Its ancient story is not our business now. Its modern form commenced on the day when, from the tower of St. Saviour's, Southwark, Wren looked across the widely flowing river to the smoking ruins of what had been London. In four days he prepared a plan of a new town which was never carried out, but as actually rebuilt, it was a stately city rising from the water's edge, and rendered picturesque by the spires of innumerable churches, mostly his work, and no two alike.

Its latter-day appearance dates from yet another conflagration, out of whose ruins rose the splendid towers and pinnacles of the Palace of Parliament. From that day to this the reconstruction of the capital of the Empire has gone on unceasingly; the embanking of the Thames resulted in one of the noblest works in Europe, the great curving river wall; the Holborn Viaduct followed, and concurrently with these the rebuilding of the city largely upon the lines of Genoa, the city of palaces. This was the era of railway building; happily the engineer and the architect worked well together; the great halls of iron and glass of the terminus stations were fronted in most cases with hotels which adorned the thoroughfares they stood in; it was a happy thought to revive the beautiful Queen Eleanor monument at Charing Cross, but how many of the throngs that pass St. Pancras know that the vast Gothic building above them was originally designed by Gilbert Scott for the Foreign Office, and intended to rise over the woods and water of St. James's Park?

Two great principles have to be borne in mind if we wish to preserve the harmonious appearance of London. The first is to avoid excessive height in new designs. In our climate, and especially in London, a very lofty building produces a gloomy effect, and crushes all neighbouring stuctures. And what shall we say to the piled up Babels that are beginning to ruin the appearance of our older squares—those much but unjustly abused squares of London, simple and dignified, with green lawns and trees.

The second is, perhaps, of all principles, the least understood and least considered in modern cities; it is that open spaces must not—except in the case of parks—be so vast as to dwarf the buildings about them. Buildings must be designed with some reference to their neighbours, so as to form harmonious groups, they must support and not mar each other's effect, and their height must have some relation to the width of the spaces about them. In this matter we have before us the great monumental mess of modern times—Hdye Park Corner. Some years ago it was found necessary to alter the place so as to provide a better approach through Grosvenor Place to Victoria; reconstruction was wanted, but the manner of its doing—was there ever such a failure? The triumphal arch was thrown back at an angle from the roadway—a thing unknown in Europe—and in a moment all the handsome buildings near it seemed to have run away to the horizon. A new Iron Duke, better modelled than its predecessor, was placed on an island in the midst of the meaningless space of irregular contour thus created *and lost*—for who ever notices it?—and, worst of all, the block of traffic was rendered worse than ever. Some years later another attempt was made to solve the same problem in the same way; the space was again widened, the buildings were still further dwarfed, and "the Duke" was obliterated and—the "block" became chronic. In designing, but especially in re-designing London, use and beauty must go hand in hand. There is never any reason to separate them. Twenty mistakes of a similar sort could be instanced during the last few years, mistakes which have not only prevented beauty but intensified the discomfort of the public. Yet they have found defenders on the score of their supposed practical utility. When, however, they wholly fail and leave matters worse than they found them, may we not say with Disraeli, "Don't talk to me of the Practical Men—they make all the mistakes!"

IN THE CITY.

The Edinburgh and District Motor 'Bus Company.

SOME CORRESPONDENCE.

With reference to our article upon this company in our last issue we have received some correspondence which speaks for itself. On September 1st a shareholder wrote as follows to the Secretary:—

"On April 10 last I wrote to you asking when you expected to have the 'buses running, and you replied that they would be running about the second week in May.

"On July 5 I again wrote you, asking the same question, and in reply you stated that the 'buses would be running 'in another fortnight.'

"So far, none of the company's 'buses have made their appearance, and the shareholders have, in consequence, a decided grievance against the directors.

"It is certainly a most unsatisfactory state of affairs, and most unbusiness-like.

"The tourist season is practically over, and this season's business has been lost, owing to the non-appearance of the 'buses.

"In the prospectus which was issued by your directors in February last it is stated that 'The company has secured delivery of 150 'buses, 15 within three months, and the remainder at 20 per month afterwards, upon terms which the directors consider favourable."

"If the above statement is true there should have been ready in the month of May, 15 'buses; June, 20; July, 20; August, 20. Total 75 'buses.

"Further on it is stated in the prospectus: 'As the company has been able to secure such prompt deliveries, they will be able to commence operations at once and to take advantage of the heavy traffic in the town and surrounding districts during the summer months.'

"In the face of the present state of affairs, these statements are seemingly false, and certainly misleading. Relying upon the truth of these statements, I was induced to apply for ten shares. Had I been in a position to know that these statements were not to be acted up to, I certainly never should have applied for any shares in the company, and I have no doubt that there are a number of the shareholders in the same position as myself.

"If the statements were made in good faith, then the company has a good claim for damages against the builders of the 'buses for breach of contract, inasmuch as they (the builders) have not the 'buses forward at their specified time. I shall be glad to have *full information* upon this point.

"I shall also be glad to know if it is the case that, although the company is earning no income, the directors are drawing their salaries.

"It is only reasonable to say that ample time has been given to any motor 'bus building company to have had at least 20 'buses built and running, and the fact that *no 'buses are running* shows a great deal of slackness somewhere.

"Once more I ask if you will please say (without making any more rash statements) when you *really* mean to have any of the 'buses running. If you do not know, then do not be afraid to say so. It will certainly be far better to say you do not know than to make a statement which is not substantiated.

I received a circular this morning wherein a party offered the company's shares for sale at the price of 10s. per share. No one can be blamed who desires to get rid of his shares at that price."

To this excellent statement of the case from the shareholders point of view, the Secretary replied, from 236, Finsbury Pavement House, under date September 14th, 1906, as follows:—

"I have now submitted your letter of the 1st inst. to my directors.

"It was certainly expected that we should have had 'buses on the roads long before this, and the directors have done all that is possible to bring this about.

"Unfortunately, however, questions arose with the manufacturers which have resulted in delay. Two char-a-bancs should start running to-day, and a third has just arrived in Edinburgh, and should be ready in the course of a day or two.

"We have a number of omnibuses almost ready, and we hope to get these on the roads very shortly now.

"If you will please refer to the prospectus you will see that it is stated that in certain events the scale of operations would have to be reduced."

A very halting reply, ignoring the material points in our correspondent's letter.

We have received the following letter from the Secretary of the Company:—

"Referring to the remarks in your issue of the 27th inst., relative to this company, I beg to state that, though your quotations from documents are accurate so far as they go, they are at the same time totally misleading, as they do not go far enough.

"If you will be good enough to refer to the prospectus from which you quote, you will find the following clause omitted by you—namely:

"'In the event of the full issue of £190,000 not being subscribed, the scale of operations at the outset will be reduced accordingly.'

"If you will kindly refer to the first paragraph quoted by you from the prospectus, you will note that your comment thereon is not in accordance with the clause referred to.

"In regard to your quotation from the official statement dated May 14 last, while you state that the total amount of cash received by the company is £15,042 15s., you omitted to mention the fact (also stated in the official report of May 14) that 28,569 shares had been allotted, subject to the payment of the whole amount thereof in cash, which means that the company at that time had a further sum of £13,526 5s. to receive in respect of such shares allotted, which, added to £2,227 13s. 4d. referred to by you, would mean a total of £15,765 18s. 4d. to the credit of the company on May 14 last. I may say that the whole of the £13,526 5s. has since been called up, and has been received with the exception of a very small amount.

"The dispute referred to, I may at once say, is not in regard to the question of payment, and if any shareholder comes to see me on the subject I shall have no hesitation in informing him as to the nature of the question that has arisen with the manufacturers.

"I think, in common fairness, you should publish this letter in your next issue, as such misleading statements as that contained in your article can only be calculated to do serious damage to both the shareholders and the company."

The appeal to the public for funds rested largely upon the specific statement that the company had secured the delivery of 150 'buses, 15 within three months, and the remainder at 20 per month aterwards. If the response of the public was inadequate, as it was, seeing that on the Secretary's own showing only less than one-sixth of the sum asked for was subscribed, it was clearly the duty of the directors either to return the monies subscribed, or to consult those who had subscribed it as to whether they should go on with the business, or not, when it was impossible to get the motor service they anticipated. Moreover, the fact that only one-sixth of the capital was subscribed does not explain how it is that at the end of September none of the motor 'buses were running."

The Dartford Brewery Company.—A Crisis.

For some time past the Dartford Brewery Company, Limited, has been going downhill. Formed in 1897, with a capital of £120,000, plus a debenture issue of £110,000, for several years its profits continued to increase, and it paid big and increasing dividends. In 1898 the Ordinary shares got 6 per cent., in 1899 7 per cent., in 1900 9 per cent., in 1901 10 per cent. In that year the Company acquired the brewery business of W. and G. Bertram, Limited, of Tonbridge, Kent. In 1903 the Ordinary shares got another 10 per cent. In1904 the Company took over the business of T. Norfolk and Sons, Ltd., of Dartford. In 1905 the dividend fell to 8 per cent. For some time past the quotations for all classes of stock have been steadily falling. During the last two years the depreciation in the value of the shares and debentures has exceeded a quarter of a million sterling, and there is no prospect of improvement.

On October 19th the following letter was sent out to shareholders. It is signed by the Secretary, and runs:—

"I am instructed to inform you that Mr. Alec Warde has ceased to be managing director of this company."

This gentleman was Manager of the Company which sold to the existing Company in 1897, and has remained Managing Director ever since. Accompanying the Secretary's notice is another letter to shareholders from the same official, and of the same date. It runs:—

"I am instructed to inform you that the directors, at their board meeting to-day, passed a resolution to determine the company's agreement with Mr. A. Warde as managing director. They desire me to inform you that this resolution was only come to after very careful consideration, and was deemed essential in the interests of the company."

The annual meeting of the Company will be held next month, and we understand that a determined effort is to be made to reinstate Mr. Warde upon the board. It is to be hoped, in the interest of shareholders, and also for other reasons, that this attempt will not be successful. Mr. Warde is a man of great energy, and in the past he has not spared himself in the service of the Brewery, but he is of very domineering character, and his treatment of the publicans under the control of the Company is quite indefensible. In the old days the tenants of French nobles, they and their belongings, were absolutely at the mercy of their landlords. It was not very different in those days with Irish tenants; they were little better than slaves. But these times have passed. It would seem, however, that Mr. Warde would like to revive them in the brewery business. He acts, or has been in the habit of acting, on the theory that a publican in one of the houses controlled by the Dartford Brewery Company is body and soul at the mercy of the Company. We have before us evidence of grossly unfair treatment of publicans renting from the Company. Mr. Warde has been in the habit of treating them as if their one duty was to increase the sales of the Dartford Brewery Company. He has been known to meet a man upon the racecourse, or at some other place of entertainment, and to loudly upbraid him for being away from his business, directing him to return to it forthwith. The result, it need hardly be said, is that Mr. Warde is as unpopular with the publicans who are tied to the Dartford Brewery as a man well can be. His co-directors have given him a very

free hand, but at last they have been brought to see that it is not to the interest of the Company that its Managing Director should act as if the managers of its tied houses, who, after all, have put their own money into the concern, had no title to fair and considerate treatment.

The Cheque Bank Liquidation.

We have received the following letter, which speaks for itself:—

"I'd like to draw your attention to the liquidation of the Cheque Bank, which failed in December, 1899, or January, 1900. Voluntary liquidation was resorted to, in order to expedite the matter, and, although holders of cheques were especially—and supposedly fully—secured, they have up till now received under 80 per cent. of their claims, and for the last four years, I believe, they have not heard a word from the liquidators.

"It seems to me that if the poor devils have anything left to come to them, they might as well have it, or it will have to be addressed to them in the next world. I'm only concerned for a very small sum myself, but, all the same, it's annoying that a matter like this can't be wound up in six years. I guess the liquidators have gone to sleep over the job. Can't you give them a jog along? There must be a good many of your readers who would be pleased to see such a paragraph in that wake-'em-up-and-shake-'em paper of yours.

"I enclose my credentials in the shape of a letter from the liquidators—their last. Please do not use my name."

The letter from the liquidator is as follows:—

"Dear Sir,

"Re CHEQUE BANK, LIMITED, IN LIQUIDATION.

"I am in receipt of yours of even date, but regret that it is impossible to state definitely at present when a further dividend will be declared to creditors herein. Due notice will be sent you, however, of any further distribution,

"Yours faithfully,

"D. F. Basden,

"(p.p.) Joint Liquidator."

Waring and Gillows, Limited.

A correspondent sends us a letter he has received from Messrs. T. Arnold and Co., of the Wool Exchange, Coleman Street, E.C., dated October 22nd, 1906. We give it *in extenso*:—

"We have the opportunity of offering you for sale 100 Cumulative Ordinary Shares (7 per cent.) of £1 each in Waring and Gillow, Ltd., the well-known furniture manufacturers, of Oxford Street, London.

"As you are probably aware, this company opened recently premises superior to any in London (which were visited by H.M. the Queen).

"According to the last annual report, the business done during the year has been the best on record.

"In addition to paying the usual 7 per cent. dividend, an amount was carried to reserve fund sufficient to make it no less than £145,000, and the trading is now most satisfactory.

"We can accept for the 100 shares £89 15s., or can let you have any smaller number at 18s. per share, free of all brokerage and commission, and there is an interim dividend due shortly, which will come to the purchasers if you let us know at once.

Do Waring and Gillow know anything of this circular? It is hardly calculated to restore confidence in the City.

London and Paris Exchange.

Mr. Mandeville's Reply.

Just as we are going to press we have received the following letter from Mr. A. M. Mandeville, the managing director of the London and Paris Exchange:—

To the Editor of John Bull.

Sir,—My attention has been called to certain comments and letters which have appeared in your journal in regard to the business of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited.

In ordinary circumstances it is not our practice to take official notice of such matters. In view, however, of the persistent character of your attacks, we think it right, in justice to ourselves, to say that in almost every instance in which customers of ours have written you, the facts have been grossly distorted; and I am bound to express surprise that you should have thought it right to insert a letter from a dicharged employee, having regard to the taint which always attaches to such communications.

With regard to your original correspondent, W.E.C., it is not our intention to go through the history of his transactions with us, but our books are open to your inspection if you care to take the trouble to make yourselves acquainted with the *actual* facts.

Our business, as you must be aware, is a very large one, and it is inevitable that in the course of our dealings with thousands of persons—a certain number of such transactions being of a speculative character—disappointments, as well as successes, must occur. There is no royal road to fortune in Stock Exchange matters, and we have never professed to have discovered one. What we do is to carry out the wishes of our customers in a businesslike and straightforward manner, paying them whatever profits their dealings may show, and, on the other hand, expecting to receive any balances which may accrue due to us.

It is an easy matter for you to print in your paper a few complaints from disappointed operators. We might just as well ask you to set apart similar space for acknowledgments of profitable business, as the result of successful transactions. We, however, claim no credit for the one, and we accept no blame for the other—and we respectfully suggest that your journal would be better occupied in exposing the methods of the vast army of irresponsible and dishonest imitators of our business, rather than in attempting to embarrass us in the conduct of an undertaking whose very success and magnitude is the best evidence of its *bonâ fides*.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

A. M. Mandeville.

London, October 27th, 1906.

NEW ISSUES.

The Sutherland Reefs Proprietary Gold Mines, Limited, offer 593,163 shares (of 2s. 6d. each). The company has been formed to take over the properties formerly owned by Sutherland Reefs, Limited, with various options. The total share capital of the company is £120,000, the vendors taking £50,554, of which only £4,700 is to be in cash. £69,445 will be available for working capital, subject to £3,750 underwriting charges.

The British West Africa Producing Company wants the public to subscribe £66,667 Preferred Ordinary shares of £1 each, out of a total capital of £100,000, to grow agricultural produce in Sierra Leone. The so-called concessions, which do not include mining, have been got from various chiefs, but there is nothing in the prospectus to show that a profitable business can be done. We cannot advise our readers to put money into the concern.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications.

L.C.C. 3 Per Cent. Inscribed.—G. (South Hackney).—Of course the stock is "perfectly safe." Whether the present price will go lower is another matter. We are afraid it will not be up to 93 again just yet, and it may well fall below 87 if the present reckless expenditure continues. But, maybe, the coming elections will put a curb upon it. It is about time.

Insurance or Life.—"M.P." (Devonport).—You say you insured your father's life in 1904, giving his age as 56, and again last week, giving it as 59, when, in fact, he is "75 or 76 years of age," and you want to know whether, when he dies, you can claim any money provided you keep the policies paid up. No. If you had been honest, and given your father's right age, and insured him without his knowledge, the insurance would have been void. As it is, you have deliberately given a false age, with the object of defrauding the companies in which you have insured your father's life, a very dirty thing to do. We are rather under the impression that the company concerned could prosecute you for doing it. Certainly jail is the proper place for you.

New York Life Insurance Company.—T. W. G. (Swansea).—Our advice to you is not to surrender for a paid-up policy, and to support, as far as possible, the International Policy Holders' Committee.

Purchase of Shares.—J. C. B. (Dublin).—You had much better go to a member of the Stock Exchange.

London and Paris Exchange.—J. A. W. (Putney).—We will look into the account you send us, and give you our opinion next week.

London and Paris Exchange.—F. B. (Kensington).—We see no objection to your purchasing shares for cash through this firm, especially as we presume you would pay only against certificate transfers or scrip.

The Hungarian Lottery.— —— (Trinity Square).—We will see what we can do. The Post Office authorities are getting very remiss again in the matter of these lotteries.

Liability of Insurance Company.—G. O. M. (Ion Pentre).—Of course, the 10s. is recoverable if it be due, and, as we read the Company's tables, it is due.

Salvation Insurance Branch.—A. S. (Hornsey).—We shall deal with the insurance and banking departments of the Salvation Army in due course, and perhaps it will be as well if you wait before taking a decision until you have read what we have to say on these matters.

Edinburgh District Motor 'Bus Company.—A. L. K. (Edinburgh).—We really are very much obliged to you for the action you have taken as described in your letter. You will see that we refer to the Company again this week at some length.

Various Questions.—Death's Head (Handsworth).—All the questions asked in your letter have been exhaustively dealt with in earlier issues of "John Bull," to which issues we refer you for answer to your present communication.

Glamorganshire Permanent Money Society.—Cautious (Cardiff).—We have no information which enables us to advise you.

London Produce Clearing House.—H. H. (Lloyd).—(1) We can see no good reason why you should part with your shares. They give you a good return. (2) As to whether "cash held in trust may be considered as safely invested in such shares," you are of course aware that trustees are limited by statute to certain classes of securities.

Various Shares.—Turtle (Hampton Hill).—(1) You made a very bad

6½ PER CENT. INTEREST
can be safely obtained by investment in
CANADIAN INDUSTRIAL PREFERENCE STOCKS.
Full details furnished by
Archer J. Secretan, 79, Cornhill, London, E.C.

purchase when you bought at £3 15s. If they get up to par again we should sell. Indeed, you might be wise to sell at 19s. The company, we are afraid, is on the down grade. (3) Yes, you might buy a few Gamages' £1 Ordinary "as a gentle speculation." (3) We think Second Preference Chathams at their present figure of about 50 cheap.

PANAMA LOTTERY BONDS.—PANAMA (Hull).—We do not recommend the purchase of foreign lottery bonds.

MIDLAND DEBENTURE.—STOCK (Heathfield).—We think this stock inviting at its present price, and you could hardly go wrong in putting your £200 into it.

VARIOUS SHARES.—INVESTOR (South Blasey).—We do not like Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Nos. 4 and 5 are excellent investments, and No. 6 fairly good.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—DRAKE (Devonport).—We should support the International Holders' Committee.

GREAT PRIZE LOTTERY (FRENCH).—C. D. (Maisteg).—We cannot tell you where these tickets are to be bought, and if you take our advice you will not put your money into the lottery.

VARIOUS MINING SHARES.—GEORGE (Mile End).—You have a very bad list, but we should hold Nos. 1 and 2 for a rise; sell the rest and cut the loss.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—J. C. B. (Crouch End).—Send us the correspondence to which you refer in your letter of the 20th. We have given instructions for a copy of JOHN BULL of the 7th to be forwarded to you.

LINOTYPE MACHINERY TRUST.—E. W. (South Hackney).—The company did better last year, as its report (recently issued) shows, but it has a lot of lee-way to make up.

FIVE SHARES.—HOPEFUL (Birmingham).—We should hold all these shares for the present. You will notice that the annual report of Hope Brothers shows a decided improvement in net profits, which have increased from £15,747 in 1905 (which allowed no dividend to the ordinary shareholders) to £28,184 in 1906 (which allows a distribution of 3 per cent.). Moreover, the value of the stock has increased.

TWO SHARES.—H. W. (Finsbury Square).—(1) We should not buy Albert Bakers'. (2) The Car and General Insurance Corporation is only three years old. We know no particular inducement to take any of its new issue of shares at 2s. premium, but the statements made at the meeting just held were not unsatisfactory.

VARIOUS SHARES.—R. G. O. (Lee).—We should hold the Mazawattees; the company is doing better. The outlook for Allsoppe' remains very gloomy, and we see little likelihood of much improvement in quotation. We understand that Louise, Ltd., is doing somewhat better. Associated Newspapers are not likely to move much. We should sell Chartered's upon any favourable opportunity.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—W. J. C. (Brondesbury).—Yes, we think so.

BEARING BROTHERS.—H. M. (Holborn Circus).—Better put the circulars in the waste-paper basket. Do not be misled by a similarity of name.

OUTSIDE BROKER.—SENIOR (Port Glasgow).—We know nothing of the Manchester broker to whom you refer. If you want to buy shares you should do so through a member of the Stock Exchange.

JOINT STOCK BANKS.—You have omitted to send us your name and address, and we cannot break our rule not to answer anonymous communications.

HUNGARIAN LOTTERY.—P. F. (Finsbury Park).—We cannot undertake to translate the letter you have received from the managers of the concern. Our advice to you is to have nothing to do with it. We quite agree that the signature of the British Consul ought not to be upon these documents.

MAZAWATTEE ORDINARY.—J. K. (Dundee).—(1) The Mazawattee Company is doing better, but the purchase would be somewhat speculative. (2) There are very conflicting reports about Esperanzas. They are certainly cheap if the official statements are to be accepted, but it may be as well for you to keep out of them.

TWO SHARES.—E. J. F. (Basingstoke).—(1) We do not think there is much likelihood of appreciation in John Thornycroft's preference shares. (2) We should not advise an increased holding in Vi-Cocoa Preference.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—SAILOR BOY (R.M.S. Armadale Castle).—We should sell the shares and re-invest in, say, Raphael Tuck and Sons, which would give 6 per cent. with the prospect of appreciation in capital value. Thank you for what you are doing for us in South Africa.

CANADIAN PACIFICS.—CAN PAC (Bath).—(1) You seem to have bought on the top of the rise. We have no doubt that the quotation will go higher again by-and-bye, but hardly just yet. We should hold. (2) Have nothing to do with Freeborn, Franklin and Co. You will see a reference to them in our last issue.

CONTINENTAL BONDS.—OTTOFAN (Kensington).—These bonds are quite genuine, but we do not recommend their purchase. If you should determine to buy more you cannot do better than communicate with Messrs. H. Keltner and Co., foreign bankers, of 29, Threadneedle Street, who will give you any further information you may want.

MARTIN BULL.—A. R. G. (Kidderminster).—No, we are glad to say this Bull is not a member of our herd, and if you take our advice you will not be induced by his circular to send him "£30, £50, £100, or £500," or any other sum for the purposes of Stock Exchange speculation.

PURCHASE OF HOUSE.—MARINER (South Shields).—The terms offered by the company whose circular you send us are tempting, but, seeing that you have purchased a house by the assistance of another company, presumably sound, and paid money upon it, and that the mortgage interest charged is not excessive, we think you would do well to continue the transaction until it is completed. We are very much obliged to you for your kindly remarks upon JOHN BULL, and your efforts to increase its circulation amongst your friends.

LIFE OF ANOTHER POLICIES.—A READER OF JOHN BULL (Nottingham).—We are much obliged to you for your letters and enclosures dealing with Life of Another Policies. We note that E. S. (New Cross) would, in your opinion, have difficulty in insuring with the Prudential or the Refuge; or, indeed, with any insurance company, except the British Widows, or the Salvation Army, which hardly counts, upon the conditions mentioned by him—that is to say, he could not insure without the knowledge and consent of his parents. As a matter of fact, the necessary signature is, as you say, often forged by the agent.

SHELL TRANSPORT COMPANY.—L. H. (Blackheath).—We should hold; if you do you will probably get the price at which you are willing to sell. We should leave Spencer Santo to others.

MORRIS AIRLINE TYRES.—J. H. S. (Catford).—We know nothing likely to put up the price.

KLERKSDORP PROPRIETARY.—E. E. R. (Liverpool).—We should cut the loss, and we cannot advise you to purchase the other shares you name.

LONDON AND NEW YORK EXCHANGE.—C. N. (Birkenhead).—We have done our best to ascertain your meaning, but regret to say we have not succeeded.

THE KING INSURANCE COMPANY.—S. M. J. B. (Pandora Road).—The answers to all your questions are in the negative.

A. L. WIENER AND CO.—J. McB. (Liverpool).—Our advice to you is not to put any money into the company whose recommendation you send us.

LANGLAATE GOLD ESTATES.—WHITE FEATHER (Upper Tooting).—We think you had better hold for the present.

SANTA BARBARA GOLD MINING COMPANY.—A. C. (Kettering).—We fear that you have correctly appraised the value of the scrip you hold.

MACPHERSON, BRAIDY AND CO.—GAS (Sudbury).—The waste-paper basket is the fitting place for the report you send us from these people.

CYNNU CO-OPERATIVE MONEY SOCIETY.—J. B. (Cardiff).—The society is in its early youth, and its transactions are very small, but it seems to be respectably managed, and the committee appear anxious that members should be made fully aware of its position.

CURRIE CRISP.—J. W. (Manchester).—We cannot advise you to act upon the circulars.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL THREE PER CENT. INSCRIBED STOCK.—G. (Kensington).—You need be under no apprehension. Whatever may be thought of the growing debt for which the Council is responsible, there can be no question as to its ability to meet its engagements.

THE HEALTH AND SICKNESS ASSOCIATION.—J. H. (Aldersgate).—It is certainly strange that the balance-sheets did not reach you if you keep the Association acquainted with your address. The change of address does not suggest great success in London.

WILLIAM TYLER AND CO.—J. A. D. (Johnstone).—We are obliged to you for the circular from these people. You will have seen that in our last issue we exposed the absurdity of their statement about "ex dividend" and "cum dividend." We have received a large number of similar circulars from the same people sent in by other correspondents, and we take this opportunity of answering them all. These circulars, with their mendacious statements, should be thrown into the waste-paper basket.

A LETTER FROM SPAIN.—J. A. B. (Tipton).—The writer of the letter has resorted to a very old dodge which ought not to mislead a child. We thank you for your references to JOHN BULL.

THE BRITISH OAK, ETC., INSURANCE CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.—UPSET (New Brighton).—Send us the papers, if you have them, upon which, as you say, you were led to believe that this co-operative society has a capital of £50,000. We know nothing of its position, but we may say that the preliminary report, by Mr. Stanley Whitehead, A.C.A.A., is a very unsatisfactory document. He says "it speaks for itself." Well, in a sense, but not Mr. Whitehead's sense, it does. It is intended to show that the Society is making very rapid headway. We do not know how that may be, but when Mr. Stanley Whitehead says that "the premium income has been increased during the year 1905 by 516.62 per cent., while the increase in the funds during the year has been no less than 250.44 per cent.," he discloses nothing that is material. To give this statement significance he would have had to say what was the premium income, and what the amount of the funds in 1904, and when he goes on to say that the percentages he gives show a rate of progress which "constitutes an easy record," he writes nonsense.

INVESTMENT OF £800.—ST. W. (Bootle).—We do not like the selections you have made. If you want shares to give you a return of from 4 per cent. to 6 per cent. we would suggest your putting your £800 into the Home and Colonial Stores Cumulative Preference which would give you about 5½ per cent., the Indiarubber and Guttapercha Works Ordinary (which would give you about the same), Raphael Tuck and Sons (which would give you about 6 per cent.), and Savoy Hotel Preference (which would give you over 7 per cent.). All these shares represent sound securities, but, of course, they would want watching.

EDINBURGH DISTRICT MOTOR COMPANY, LTD.—J. H. T. (Catford).—We think it is not unlikely that if you applied to the courts you would get your money back, but litigation is an expensive business, and the result is generally doubtful.

THE CASUALTY INSURANCE COMPANY.—C. Y. N. (Newport-on-Usk).—We know nothing against the company, but we should prefer to go to one of older standing.

A. BAKER AND CO., LTD.—ALPHA (Truro).—(1) We should not increase the holding. (2) We should sell on the first favourable opportunity. (3) We do not think the quotation for the ordinary shares of Furness, Withy is likely to improve just now. Apart from the increase in capital to which you refer, steamship companies have anxious times before them.

FARMERS' INSURANCE COMPANY.—D. L. (Pontypridd).—The prospectus you send us promises a good deal, but we should like more particulars as to capital and so on before we advise you. We have very little information respecting this company.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will Open on Monday, October 29, 1906, and Close on or before Saturday, November 3, 1906.

Sutherland Reefs Proprietary Gold Mines, Limited.

(Incorporated under the Companies' Acts, 1862 to 1900, as a Company Limited by Shares.)

CAPITAL £120,000

(In 960,000 Shares of 2s. 6d. each).

563,163 Shares are now offered for Subscription at par, payable: 3d. per Share on Application; 3d. per Share on Allotment; 6d. per Share one month after Allotment; and the balance in calls of not more than 6d. per Share, and at intervals of not less than one month.

SHARES MAY BE PAID UP IN FULL AT ANY TIME.

Of the above issue 288,497 Shares are now available for subscription by Shareholders in Sutherland Reef, Limited (in liquidation), and 144,377 by Shareholders in Murchison Proprietary (Transvaal), Limited (in liquidation).

DIRECTORS—ROGER CHARNOCK RICHARDS, 14D, Hyde Park Mansions, W. (Barrister-at-Law); FREDERICK CLINTON BROWNE, Victoria Road, Barnsley (merchant); ARTHUR COLLINS BURNLEY, Arkley Copse, near Barnet, Herts (contractor).

BANKERS.—LLOYD'S BANK, LIMITED, 15 and 16, Cheapside, London, E.C.

BROKERS.—LEEMAN AND HANCOCK, Blomfield House, London, E.C., and Stock Exchange.

AUDITORS.—ELLIS, MAW, AND CO., Salisbury House, London, E.C., Chartered Accountants.

SOLICITORS.—MAYO, ELDER, AND CO., 10, Draper's Gardens, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.—O. G. BROWNE, Dashwood House, London, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed to primarily acquire and work:—

1. The mining lease formerly owned by Sutherland Reef, Limited (in liquidation), together with all the plant, machinery, tailings, etc.

2. Options over three farms in the Murchison range, Northern Transvaal, known as "Coblents," "Sedan," and "Lunenburg," formerly held by the Murchison Proprietary (Transvaal), Limited (in liquidation).

Full Prospectuses can be obtained on application to the Bankers, Brokers, or Secretary.

Provident Association of London.—Veronal (Liverpool).—We see no reason why you should not take advantage of the offer of the Provident Association to purchase a house, and equally no reason why you should not accept an agency.

Millestone, Stanforth, Ltd.—A Regular Subscriber.—If you have any facts bearing out your statement, we shall be glad to have them.

Paris Bonds.—Bonds (Battersea).—If you apply to Messrs. M. Keitzer and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., they will give you all particulars.

The National Deposit Friendly Society.—L. W. F. (Bermondsey).—We are obliged by the papers you send us, and are glad to know that you have proved the society "very straightforward and business-like in their dealings." We observe that it was founded as far back as 1868, and that the Duke of Northumberland is its president.

Whole Life Policy with Profits.—Engineer (Chorley).—You are not quite right as to the premium charged by the Royal, age next birthday 27½ being £3 6s. 6d. You will see on reference to their tables that it is £3 9s. 10d. You can get better terms elsewhere.

Double Endowment Scheme.—H. (Birmingham).—The Edinburgh Life Assurance Society is an office of high standing, but you can get similar advantages from another office at a cheaper rate—namely, for £4 11s. 1d., as against the £4 18s. 4d. of the Edinburgh.

Broughton Tunnel and Mining Company.—G. S. (Bristol).—"We would not" trouble Mr. E. W. Muller, of 6 and 7, Cross Lane, E.C., to ring you up. Leave the shares to the Yankees.

London and Paris Exchange.—Badly Served (Wood Street).—We have read your statement, but cannot act upon it without documentary evidence. genuine, but we do not recommend their purchase. If you should determine to opinion, have difficulty in insuring with the Prudential or the Refuge; or, the fitting place for the report you send us from these people.

JOHN BULL IN THE COURTS.

[We only undertake to answer short legal questions in this column. In all cases where complicated questions, involving the consideration of documents, are put to us a fee of 5s. must accompany the inquiry.]

Changes in the Court of Appeal.

The rumour current in the summer that Lord Justice Romer would not be seen in the Appeal Court again after the Long Vacation has unfortunately proved to be true. Whilst J. C. Lawrance remains a Judge at 74, Lord Justice Romer retires in the very plenitude of his intellectual powers at 66. Few judges have been more trusted and liked by the legal profession. In the Chancery Division, in which he sat for nine years, he won a high reputation as a strong judge, and he has enhanced it during the seven years he has sat in the Court of Appeal. His ready grasp of facts, his large knowledge of legal principles, his dislike of mere technicality, his acute and logical mind, have won for him a high place amongst the more eminent of the judges of our time. It may be hoped that the country has not altogether lost his services, but that as a member of the Judicial Committee they may still be upon occasion at the disposal of his country.

Mr. Justice Buckley succeeds him in the Court of Appeal, coming up from the Chancery Division, where he has sat for six years. The new Lord Justice is, as most people know, a great authority on Company law, having written, or assisted to write, a standard and well-known work on it. He is a sound and learned lawyer, but too fond of taking technical views. If he is not particularly popular with the profession, he is much respected, and will doubtless acquit himself very creditably in the position vacated by Lord Justice Romer.

A Curious Custom.

To the general public the appointment of Mr. R. J. Parker to the Cancery Judgeship vacant by Mr. Justice Buckley's promotion, will come as a surprise. On the right side of 50, Mr. Parker has not taken "silk," but for six years he has been Junior Counsel to the Treasury on the equity side, and this gives a sort of perscriptive right to a judgeship. To take the last few years Mr. Justice Joyce and Mr. Justice Sutton both owe their appointments to the fact that they were Junior Counsel to the Treasury. To the lay mind it is not easy to see why a lawyer of comparatively junior standing who is appointed to this post should have the right to expect a judgeship, or why the Attorney-General of the day should have the power, for it practically amounts to that, of nominating a judge. Fortunately Mr. Parker's claims to promotion are indisputable. He has won a prominent place at the Chancery Bar, and he is a good and even a profound lawyer.

The Michaelmas Cause Lists.

It is long since the Michaelmas sittings opened with so large a number of cases. No fewer than 2,220 are entered, an increase of 151 upon the number of a year ago. The "Law Journal" gives the figures for nine years, and in no one of them were they so large as for the present sittings. The increase is chiefly noticeable in the King's Bench Division, where as many as 1,015 cases are down for hearing, which is 96 in excess of the number a year ago. We must go back to 1897, when 1,079 cases stood for hearing, to find the King's Bench list so heavy. There is no improvement in the Court of Appeal list. On the contrary, whilst last year the number of appeals entered at the corresponding date was 303, this year it has risen to 366. In 1904 there was improvement, which encouraged the hope that arrears were being slowly overtaken. In that year the number entered was only 291; for 1906 it is 366. Lord Esher went upon the sound principle, as it seems to laymen, never to grant a new trial where judge and jury were in agreement as to the verdict, and only to give a new trial in any case where obvious injustice had been done. The present Master of the Rolls is much more easily persuaded to give the losing litigant another chance.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Discharge from Bankruptcy (J. J.).—If by the assistance of friends you can provide a fund sufficient to pay your creditors 7s. 6d. in the £, and the expenses of the bankruptcy, no doubt your creditors would accept, and the Court would approve a composition, arrangement to that effect. If the Court approves a composition, after bankruptcy it at the same time *annuls the adjudication*, and no discharge is then necessary, nor is there any question of suspension. You should approach the Official Receiver and ascertain from him what amount would be required to pay the expenses and a 7s. 6d. composition, and, assuming your friends will find the required amount, it could be deposited with the Official Receiver, who would then summon the necessary meetings of creditors to consider your proposal, and assuming the creditors accept the same by special resolution, the Court would be asked to approve accepted the deposit, less the expenses of calling the meetings, would be the arrangement and annul the bankruptcy. Should the proposal *not* be returned by the Official Receiver to the person who lodged the money with him. We wish you success with your proposal.

Payment by Cheque (Oakleigh, Ealing).—The stamp on the cheque cannot be used as a receipt stamp, and the person receiving the money can be compelled, under apenalty of £10, to give a stamped receipt for every £2 and over. You are liable to the same penalty if you take unstamped receipts.

Absconding Secretary (E. H., Sutton).—Unless your friend applied for shares on a form provided by the company and complied with the directions thereon as to the mode of paying the deposit, he has no claim on the company in respect of its secretary's misappropriation.

Dishonoured Cheque (F. B., Hampstead).—The bank are clearly liable in damages for having dishonoured your cheque whilst they had funds of yours in their hands. There is no question as to the negotiability of the German notes, and it rested with the bank to find out their value and to credit you with it at once. They would probably compromise the matter if you brought an action against them.

Solicitors (Ampere, Dublin).—It is unusual for a firm of solicitors to act as you state, and we should advise you to communicate with another firm of London solicitors through some Dublin or other Irish firm, and request the former firm to hand over the papers in the action to the new solicitors. If, on the other hand, you write again to the London firm, you should register the letter. Should you have any further difficulty, let us know the name of the London firm.

Divorce (X. Z., King's Cross).—We do not see that you are entitled to a divorce, as you cannot prove any misconduct. You should, however, consult a local solicitor, as that would be better and cheaper than buying books which you might not be able to understand.

Erection of Fence (G. P. W., Bexley Heath).—You are entitled to put up a fence to block out the view from the windows in question, and you may place anything you like on your own land so as to prevent the neighbour's windows or other other properties extending over your land.

Opening of Letters (J. W. P., Catford).—If any person opens a letter belonging to another he is liable to be prosecuted for theft. You should communicate with the Postmaster-General. The agreement is binding as far as we can see, but it may turn out to be invalid on strict examination. You should consult a solicitor as to its effect.

Error in Notice to Quit (E. H. H., Frodsham).—The notice is, on the face of it, invalid, and we should advise you not to act on it. At any rate, as the time has gone by for rectifying the mistake you might inform the landlord that you will deliver up possession in "1907," as desired, if you are then in possession. You have no claim against the company in respect of the luggage.

Money in Chancery ("Chancery," Southampton).—You should write to the publishers of Government papers, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, New Street Square, E.C., and ask for the price of the supplement to the *London Gazette* containing the list of names to which you refer. It was published by the Government a few years ago. You should send a stamped envelope for reply, or they will not deal with your application.

Death of Beneficiary ("Nemo," Wales).—The bequest to B. not having been paid before his death, it would go to the others, as the solicitor states.

Railway Ticket (W. J. S., Halesowen).—The Company are entitled to make a bye-law requiring the ticket to be delivered up on demand, and the High Court has held such a bye-law to be valid. If a ticket is demanded before the journey has ended, the passenger is entitled to refuse to deliver up the ticket without having a receipt for it in exchange.

Fidelity Guarantee ("Rovermotor," Birmingham).—You say that the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation require you to sign an agreement which states that the person signing authorises the Corporation on receipt of notice of an intention by the person holding such policy to make a claim on the Corporation thereunder, without any notice to the undersigned, to take possession of and remove any money or other property which the Corporation may find belonging to the undersigned, wherever the same may be, and if necessary to enter any premises where the same may be or thought to be." It appears to us that such a condition is illegal and could not be acted on, but we strongly advise you not to sign such a document. It is doubtful if, under the common law, it is legal to distrain on "money," and yet the Company seek to take possession of "money and other property" belonging to you wherever they find it. The sooner the Ocean Accident Corporation ceases to rely on this sort of agreement the better.

Gas Company Overcharge ("Cape," Stroud Green).—The Company have clearly acted illegally in charging you the same this quarter as the corresponding quarter last year, despite the greatly reduced consumption, and you should leave them to take proceedings for the recovery of the amount they claim. You should look at the terms of the agreement under which you take the gas and see if the company can justify their position. If they cannot you would win the case.

Education at Home ("Indignant Father," Dalston).—If your boy of five is under efficient instruction at home or elsewhere you cannot be compelled to send him to school. That is a lawful excuse under the Education Act, 1876.

Arrest by Bailiff (H. P., Burton).—The bailiff is not entitled to trespass for the purpose you mention upon the premises of the defendant's employers, and he could be removed by force if necessary. The proper course is for the employers to complain to the judge.

MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT (Maida Vale, London).—You do not say what has become of the money, but if it is settled on your children and yourself you cannot touch it. The court would not allow you to apply *in forma pauperis* in such a case unless you obtained a certificate from a barrister that you had a good case and were without means.

NEGLECTED LETTER (Taylor, Dulwich).—You do not seem to have any remedy, but if you place the facts before some respectable solicitor he might see his way to take action with a view of compromising the claim and getting some of it reduced under pressure that you would bring an action against the Company for negligence.

THREE YEARS' AGREEMENT ("Bromley," Kent).—You need not give any notice unless the agreement requires it, and you can leave at the end of three years. If you hold on you will become a yearly tenant, and can only leave by giving six months' notice to expire at the end of the fourth or subsequent year.

DISTRAINT ("Swift").—The landlord cannot distrain on goods that are not on his premises unless they have been removed after rent was due. He can only sue you in the County Court.

NEW AGREEMENT ("Inquirer," Cowes).—Yes, the execution of a new lease or agreement between landlord and tenant sets aside any previous agreement, unless there is something to show that the new agreement is supplemental to the other.

SEATS IN CHURCH ("Biscuit," Dorset).—If all seats are free, the vicar and the churchwardens can still appropriate seats for themselves if they think fit. The church is the freehold of the vicar, and so long as he does not charge for seats, he may appropriate them in any way he chooses.

RIGHT OF USE (Donovan," Newmarket.—The continued use of the lake does not give the man a right to continue unless he had a grant from the owner. It seems to us that unless he can show that there has been a grant to him, he can be called on at any time to cease to use the boats.

LIQUIDATION ("Evans," Wales).—The liquidator will have given security to the Board of Trade for the proper performance of his duties, and as the purchase by himself of the goods of the estate was certainly illegal, we should advise you to lay the facts before the Board of Trade, Whitehall, S.W.

ANCIENT LIGHTS (E. B., Bristol).—If you have enjoyed the right of light for 20 years you are entitled to continue it, and the adjoining owner cannot block it up. If not, you have no rights at all.

SEASON TICKET (A. G. ., Windsor).—By not giving up your old ticket, you have forfeited the deposit. If you take out a new ticket, it must date from whatever date you yourself fix as that on which you desire it to commence, and the company are not entitled to date it as from the last ticket; but they may, of course, decline to issue one at all.

LEASE (B. D. S., Bow).—If you assigned the lease with the consent of the landlord, you are not liable any further in the matter, but if you sublet, then you will have to go on paying the rent, and comply with all the covenants

SERVICE ON JURY (A. E. Carey).—The law as to the mode of calling on jurors to serve is very old, and not likely to be altered.

OWNERSHIP OF PROPERTY ("Fotheringhame").—If you were married after the Married Women's Property Act came into force, the property belongs to the wife, and is not affected by her change of status. It is not possible to alter the deeds, but you should notify to the mortgagees the change in name.

YOUNG WOMEN AND HOSPITALS (H. T.).—There is no law that prevents the employment of young women as nurses for long hours in hospitals.

VALUE OF AGREEMENT ("Anxious").—The agreement would not hold good for a longer term than three years, as it is not under seal, and if you wish to exercise your option at the end of the first year, you must have a lease drawn up by a solicitor, and the landlord must execute it under seal. Your present agreement is binding on both parties.

COSTS (A. W. A., Horsham).—You are not liable for any costs unless a summons was actually issued.

DISMISSAL OF EMPLOYEE.—R. H. S., South Shields, asks whether an employer of labour can dismiss an employee "under any circumstances" without notice. Gross misconduct justifies such dismissal, and it also depends upon the terms of the engagement and the custom of the particular trade. We must know more particulars before we can advise.

RECOVERY OF FURNITURE (S., Nottingham).—The facts would seem to be in dispute, and we do not know how you are to settle the matter without appealing to the Courts.

ENFORCEMENT OF CONTRACT (M. K., Stoke Newington).—You cannot be made liable on the contract, and the firm cannot sue your father. If the price agreed on was £4 10s. when you received the invoice, you are morally bound to pay it.

ENFORCEMENT OF CONTRACT (Wright, Stepney).—The contract was one which can be enforced against you, as it was for your benefit; but if you lay the facts before the school, they will no doubt arrange the matter by deferring the claim or releasing you.

MENTALLY DEFICIENT APPRENTICE ("Employer," London).—(1) You can apply to the magistrate for a summons against the apprentice to show cause why his indentures should not be cancelled. (2) The magistrate cannot require you to refund the premium. (3) Apply to the clerk to the magistrate of the district, and he will tell you what to do.

VALIDITY OF AGREEMENT (R. F., Pentonville).—The agreement is not void unless the engagement is put an end to, and if the business is carried on by someone who has purchased it from the trustee in bankruptcy, that person would continue to have the benefit of your agreement, if he complied with its conditions.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR DOG (J. M.).—Unless you were aware of the vicious habits of the dog, you are not responsible.

SPECIFIC REFERENCE (H. F. B., Woking).—The contract was to have the land free to Land Tax, and you can apply for specific performance of the contract. You had better put the matter in the hands of a solicitor.

CLAIM FOR IMPROVEMENTS ("Borax").—The widow's heirs are not entitled to make any claim in respect of improvements.

MARRIAGE (J. B., Middlesex).—A marriage under an assumed name is valid unless the other party was misled, in which case it might under some circumstances be set aside. The will would be valid if there was proof of identity.

GLASS BROKEN IN TRANSIT ("Bullite," Thirsk).—If the firm do not send you a fresh sheet of glass you should summon them in the County Court for the return of the money. We assume that you did not direct them to send the glass at your risk, and if so they sent it at their own, and must repay you.

NOTICE OF TERMINATION OF TENANCY ("Tenant," Bristol).—There is no rule of law that a notice shall be given before noon, and the notice was valid as it was delivered on the day on which it could be lawfully given.

WET PAINT ON TRAM-CAR ("Fairplay," Paddington).—You are entitled to recover the full value of the articles damaged, and you would get this if you sued the Company in the County Court.

CREDIT BY MINOR (E. H., Portsmouth).—Unless you can show that the credit was for some necessary you cannot recover from him. If you can show that he made out that he was of full age you could prosecute him for obtaining credit by false pretences.

COMPANY'S MEETING ("Pedro," S. Kensington).—A company is bound to hold a meeting once in every year, and can be compelled to do so, but there is no penalty on the directors for not convening the meeting.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION (R. E. P., Farncombe).—We have every reason to believe they will carry out their engagements.

F. H. (St. Helens).—If you were under age at the time of signing the contract, it is not binding.

REMEDY FOR NUISANCE (W. D. M., Dinas).—It is impossible for us to advise you as to whether you have any legal remedy without knowing the extent of the nuisance, which it is difficult to convey by description. Moreover, it would be for a jury to say whether the chiselling is the nuisance you hold it to be. Assuming that your neighbour's lease is similar to your own, it would seem to be clear that the work you complain of is in contravention of it, and that, if they chose, the landlords could put an end to it. Why not communicate with them?

INSURABLE INTEREST (W. H. T., Cardiff).—We think your position is quite secure.

BLACKMAILING LETTERS (W. G., Aberdeen).—Your proper course is to apply to the magistrate for a summons.

RIGHTS OF INSPECTOR ("Inspector," Hackney).—The father being in the place had a right to invite the inspector in where he was, and the son acquiesced in this, so that the inspector was quite right in remaining. The son could have requested him to leave, and he would have had to go. He could not have taken anyone into custody.

EJECTMENT OF TENANT ("Arte," Blackpool).—A can give B notice and require him to leave, and if he will not go A can apply to the County Court for an order for possession of the property and B will then be turned out. The landlord is entitled to raise the rent if he wishes.

PARENT'S MAINTENANCE (New Reader, Bayswater).—A son is liable for the maintenance of his mother if she becomes chargeable to the poor rate, but not otherwise. He can then be made to pay a weekly sum for her support.

INSTALMENT OF MORTGAGE-MONEY IN ARREAR (Dudley, Sudbury).—If the mortgage has been called in the second mortgagee will sue you for the principal and interest, but if not called in he will only sue you for interest. The best course is to try and get him to wait.

EXEMPTION FROM VACCINATION (L. R. Y., Dalston).—You can apply for the certificate at any police court. Mr. Fordham was acting quite illegally in putting to you the questions you say he did put, and we should advise you in future to decline to be led into a controversy.

PRIORITY IN DISTRAINT (W. W., Barnsbury).—The goods are already in the possession of the landlord and cannot be again distrained on for taxes.

RECOVERY ON DEPOSIT (Grocer).—You ask us not to publish your real name, but you do not supply a nom-de-plume. You would not be entitled to take the debts due to the firm and help yourself. You must claim the return of the deposit if you give notice to leave, but before doing so you should point out to the employed that you have found that the receipt he gave you was unstamped. That renders him liable to £10 penalty. You should demand a fresh stamped receipt in accordance with section 103 of the Stamp Act, 1891, which requires every person, under a penalty of £10, to give a stamped receipt for any sum of £2 and upwards when demanded. When you get your receipt you can demand repayment.

RIGHTS OF LANDLORD (Ned, Barnsbury).—The landlord is entitled to keep your goods until you pay the rent due. If your rent is in arrear he can distrain, and if you are about to remove your goods to avoid paying rent about to fall due he can prevent you from doing so.

ARREARS OF PAY (Birmingham).—It appears to us to be an open question as to whether the rules can be altered so as to reduce your friend's pay without his consent and the best way to test the question is to take out a summons before a magistrate under the Friendly Societies Acts for the amount of pay that is in arrear. We do not find that the case you refer to has yet been reported in any of the usual law reports, but you should endeavour to get a full report of the case by writing to the parties concerned.

TENANCY AGREEMENT (H. R., Hants).—The premises were taken for one year certain from 9th November, 1903, and the tenancy can be determined if you give six months' notice to expire at any of the usual quarter days. The agent's advice to you was accurate, and the solicitor was wrong. You have lost the opportunity of giving notice at Michaelmas, and you should therefore give notice at once, so as to take effect next Midsummer Day. You cannot get out of it sooner.

BREACH OF AGREEMENT ("Bert").—A monthly nurse will be deemed to have been engaged subject to the event happening, and if it does not happen as contemplated there is no breach of agreement, as the agreement is impossible of performance. We should advise you to pay something by way of compromise, as it would cost you more to fight it.

REGISTRATION OF MONEY LENDERS ("Favourite").—Under the Money Lenders' Act 1900, the Registration must be at the offices of the Inland Revenue Department in the district, and the fees to be paid are those prescribed by the regulations issued by the Treasury. You can ascertain all particulars at the local Inland Devenue office in your town.

LEX.—The man is now outside the jurisdiction of the English Courts and nothing can be done against him. Non-compliance with a bastardy order is not a criminal offence for which a person could be arrested and brought back to England.

REASONABLE NOTICE (Berter, Darfield).—Unless the terms of the employment were that no notice of dismissals are necessary on either side the man would be entitled to reasonable notice, and this would be one week, or according to the custom of the trade, two weeks. You should pay one week's money into court and defend the action.

ADVERTISEMENT COPYING (S. E., Nottingham).—There is nothing illegal in a newspaper copying an advertisement from a contemporary.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTION ARREARS (Whist, Cardiff).—The Club were not justified in publishing your name.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS (Doubtful, Dalston).—As the agent sent the letter by post as directed the Superintendent would be liable for the loss.

MOTOR CAR LICENSE (Scholastic, Cheshire).—The Inland Revenue authorities are right, and a license must be taken out for each carriage owned by any person as a pleasure carriage. The difference between classes of licenses are only instances of the many anomalies in English law.

APPRENTICE ATTAINED MAJORITY (J. T., Yorks).—An apprentice must serve out his time, and if he leaves the master can summon him before a magistrate and get him punished and ordered to return.

ADVANCE LUGGAGE (Analyst, Sheffield).—The company to whom you intrusted the box are liable for the damage, and if they do not pay it you should summon them for the value. You are not concerned with the divided responsibility as the second company were agents of the first one.

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AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Frank Harris.

[*Our brilliant literary and dramatic critic reviews Mr. Rider Haggard's new book.*]

"Benita," by Rider Haggard (Messrs. Cassell and Co.).

At length another "African romance" by Mr. Rider Haggard; the "romance" is of course a quest for gold with a little patch of love-interest at the beginning and again at the end—a long-winded, stupid book, even if one considers it from the point of view of boyhood, and surely no one would consider any of Mr. Haggard's romances from any other point of view.

Twenty years ago one thought "She" and the others very good books of their kind; boys' books, fairly well written, and with that touch of strangeness which seems to cling to the land of velt and kloof; but this latest romance is very badly written, without either life or swing; it reads, indeed, as if Mr. Haggard were tired of his own writing, and no wonder.

Mr. Rider Haggard's English.

Here is how the book begins:

"Beautiful, beautiful was that night! No air that stirred; the black smoke from the funnels of the mail steamer *Zanzibar*," and so forth.

Now, the second "that" reminds me of Marie Corelli's English; my readers may remember that Miss Corelli when describing a murder in her latest work wrote of "the *drawn* clasp-knife" in much the same way. "The night was beautiful; no air stirred; the black smoke," etc., is not good writing, because of the word "beautiful," which has grown so light through constant use that it is almost worthless: but it is certainly better English than Mr. Rider Haggard's if only because it is less pretentious. The second "that" is intolerably bad, Mr. Rider Haggard, and not to be endured.

A page or two further on I come to Mr. Haggard's description of his hero: "For the rest, he was broad-shouldered, and well-set-up, sealed with the indescribable stamp of the English gentleman." That "sealed," Mr. Haggard, lags superfluous in the sentence, is an excrescence and again frankly stupid.

"The indescribable stamp of the English gentleman," too, has been used so often by the Haggards and Doyles that it really deserves a rest. I remember Tim Healy once bringing down the House of Commons in roars of laughter with the remark that he regarded the phrase "an English gentleman" as a "term of opprobrium."

I turn over a few pages more and find: "A gigantic, circular wall, built by heaven knows who."

Worse than Bad Style.

But taken altogether I prefer the bad English and bad grammar of Mr. Rider Haggard to some of his other peculiarities of style. At the beginning of the second chapter, the hero having fallen in love with the heroine on board the *Zanzibar*, ventures to tell her of his passion. First of all he gives her his life-history of course, as if he would not have done that long before reaching the African coast; but when he does get to the point, this is how he behaves: "He puffed nervously at his cigar, threw it into the sea, then went on: 'Miss Clifford, I have dared to fall in love witr you. No; hear me out. When I have done, it will be quite time enough to give me the answer that I expect.' Meanwhile . . . ."

Now, that "No, hear me out" was a very, very silly expression the first time it was used: it should only have been used once, by the man who had good reason to know he would be rejected; but this man if he had any sense at all would know that he was going to be accepted; no girl would listen to a man giving his own life-story for hour after hour in the way Miss Clifford listens, without meaning to accept him. This "No, hear me out" is only a shallow trick to work off on us two or three more pages of silly egotistic chatter, and this becomes plain even to Mr. Rider Haggard at the end, for when his hero has spouted for another three pages he ends up with "Send me about my business, you will never regret it."

"'Are you making fun, or is all this meant, Mr. Seymour?' asked Benita, still speaking beneath her breath, and looking straight before her."

The girl evidently realises that the man is posing and talking for effect. But the whole of the love-making can be summed up in that wretched phrase, "No, hear me out": as soon as I come across a phrase like that I know what to expect.

The reader must not think that I condemn romances: on the contrary I delight in them: I have read two or three of Mr. Haggard's earlier books with interest, and I can scarcely remember how many times I have read "A Gentleman of France," by Stanley Weyman, and "Lorna Doone"; but this "Benita" of Mr. Rider Haggard's I could scarcely manage to get through, and it left me with an impression of wearied tediousness.

AMONG THE THEATRES.

The Court Theatre.

"The Charity that Began at Home," a comedy in four acts, by St. John Hankin.

I don't think I ought to write about this play: I only saw the first act of it, and I was entirely out of sympathy with it. In spite of admirable acting, quite astonishing acting indeed, the play seemed to me dreadfully tedious and trivial: no situations, scarcely any story, dialogue without wit or point or brains. Most of the characters were low comedy caricatures and reminded me every moment of "The Man from Blankley's," and the collection of human oddities was hardly relieved by a preacher in the Church of Humanity and by the perfectly simple Lady Denison and her angelic daughter Margery. Anstey diluted with rose-water and with a dash of preaching for a bitter was too much for me: I left the theatre.

It is a critical axiom of these latter days that unless you care for a thing enough to be in complete sympathy with it, you are incapable of judging it. The axiom seems to me to need qualification; but I am content to be put out of court as an unacceptable judge, the more content, indeed, inasmuch as Mr. William Archer blesses the play in a column of "The Tribune." He talks about "delightful creations," "the note of heredity," and so forth and so on; but surely the old English general of peppery temper and innumerable stories and utter want of tact was a poor *cliché* the first time he was put upon the boards. At any rate he seemed to me as bad as bad could be, as bad as the preacher of humanity with his second-hand altruism, or as old Lady Denison with that brainless, cheap good nature which is the temperamental equivalent of much adipose tissue.

There is one sentence in Mr. Archer's criticism, and only one, which I enjoyed: he says that the play forms "a really refreshing, and yet by no means trivial afternoon's entertainment." That word "trivial" is a blessed word; it imposes itself when one writes of this comedy. Cold weak tea is sometimes refreshing; but Mr. Archer says austerely that the entertainment was not "trivial." Well, well! perhaps he is right; the draught was not disagreeable, and the taste of it has already left my mouth. Thank Heaven!

How good the acting is at the Court Theatre! I have now seen half-a-dozen plays there, and the acting has always been remarkable. It bears out an old belief of mine that nothing is commoner than acting talent. Antoine started a theatre in Paris with just the boys and girls he knew, and some of them are now admitted to be about the best actors in France. Mr. Granville Barker starts a theatre in London, and at once it becomes remarkable for the perfection of the acting as a whole. Nothing commoner than the mimetic talent, yet highly paid in cash and honour and tickled vanity.

"The Bondman" at Drury Lane.

A short time ago I saw "The Bondman" at Drury Lane. What is one to say about it? I think if I had seen it when I was ten years old it would have seemed to me a magnificent drama; but at fifteen I should have scorned it; and the other evening I simply yawned over it. The characterisation of it is like "Sandford and Merton," all in terms of good and bad. It set me vaguely wondering how it would be if a mathematician took to talking of circles as "right-minded" and triangles as "hard-hearted" and rhomboids as "revengeful."

As one understands the term in later life, there was no "characterisation" of any sort; the dialogue, in flat commonness read like a parody of earnest speech. The situations were of the scene-shifter and had nothing to do with the constructive talent of a playwright.

The acting struck me as excellent. Mr. Henry Ainley was almost an ideal hero; Mr. Frank Cooper, excellent, too, as the bad brother who is converted to perfect goodness in a moment, and, of course, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who it seemed to me did all that could be done and more, much more, than I had thought it possible to do with the character of Greeba, the angelic heroine.

If there was in London a child's theatre, such as Goethe dreamt of, one would send the productions of Hall Caine to it to be performed once a week, sandwiched between Kipling's latest children and Barrie's, a child's theatre to which no one should be admitted over thirteen. What a lot of London plays would go there, and how it would be crowded when a new play by Mrs. Lyttleton was announced.

FOR JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

[Mrs. Bull will be pleased to receive, from her women readers, suggestions and contributions for this page.]

Enemies to Themselves.

That there are many women with an inventive turn of mind is proved by the list of patents taken out during the last few years in England and America by women. Nine out of ten inventors are much to be pitied, for it is probable that after spending their all on their inventions they see no results. Possibly the thing itself is a failure, or it may not have been given a chance; or, again, the inventor may so jealously guard her secret as to refuse to part with it even to some one willing to find the money for putting the article on the market. The woman with this unreasoning turn of mind is a self-enemy, and as foolish as the old Irish woman, who, as the story goes, when travelling in a fast train to the North, pursed up her lips and remained dumb when the guard, at the last stopping-place *en route*, popped his head in at the window and inquired, "Anyone here for Paisley, Perth, or Glasgow?" "Sure," she said to her fellow travellers, after the train had re-started, "I am for Paisley myself, but I was not goin' to tell yon inquisitive fellow."

A Novel Entertainment.

The winter months in the suburbs and among the middle classes generally are the gayest. Club dances and Church conversazione, literary societies, and snug little card-parties are the rule. Of late, however, there has been a dearth of new ideas. The old book teas and their fellows have grown old-fashioned. An "All Hallows' Eve" or "White Magic" party is not, however, done to death, and it affords an opportunity for those children's games which always rejoice the heart of even the oldsters. For the female guests, witches' caps must be in readiness, made of black buckram, and each guest, on arriving, may be requested to jump over a broomstick and pay reverence to a black cat. A wizard's tent, containing an amateur palmist, may be erected in one corner of a room; in another a tub containing apples floating about which may be withdrawn only if stuck with a fork by a blindfolded person; in another, a huge stack of small nuts.

The Nut Ceremony.

All kinds of fortune-telling is done with nuts. The most common is to wave one round the head three times while thinking of a certain person, and repeating: "If you love me crack and pop, if you hate me spit and drop," and then to consign it to a hot fire. Two nuts, named after two persons of the opposite sexes, and put side by side on the bars, will burn to a cinder or pop away from each other, according to their constancy or infidelity, and so on.

Other Fortune-telling Games.

Each unmarried guest may plunge his or her hand into a bag and bring out a handful of counters. These are arranged in a line and counted off in various ways. "He loves me—a little, much, passionately, not at all"; or, "I shall marry—this year, next year, some time, never." Another All Hallows' E'en ceremony is to put two saucers on the table, one containing water, one empty. Each person is blindfolded, and has to dip into a saucer. The water signifies marriage; the empty saucer, spinsterhood.

Women and Municipalities.

A married woman cannot vote in the municipal elections, but she can decide the fate of the elections all the same. Never has there been such a fight as that progressing now; never were workers in such demand. Women who will canvass, who will explain what Socialism means, will help people to realise just at what each party is aiming, and who will distribute leaflets, will be invaluable. Moreover, they can make conditions, and see that the programme of their party is all that it should be.

Municipal Baby Shows.

A municipal baby show is to be held next year at Birmingham. Let us hope that the judges will be competent to tell the difference between a thin, healthy baby and an unhealthy fat one. Careful directions and some supervision over the mothers must be arranged, or they will be killing their children in trying to fatten them.

The Plucky Pioneers.

It is said that a novel and daring scheme must pass through three distinct phases before it settles down to be acknowledged as a rational thing. Firstly, it is scoffed at, then listened to, then applauded. In a similar way women, in introducing or working for anything new, are apt to run to ridiculous extremes in the first instance, and thus to harm the cause they have at heart. They shriek before they simmer down, and in this way have earned for themselves the sobriquet of the Shrieking Sisterhood.

Mr. Asquith and Women's Emancipation.

By the way, Mr. Asquith gave a sly hit at the Shrieking Sisterhood when recently opening a golf bazaar at Dundee. He remarked that on the links he had watched with interest the process of female emancipation going through its successive stages; beginning with exclusion it passed to toleration and now amounted to welcome. "They might," he added, "draw any moral they pleased from this chapter in history of feminine effort, but it was to him a gratifying proof how, by peaceful measures, woman could always extend her legitimate domain." Decidedly calmness is better than shrieks. But sometimes people are deaf.

An Unscientific Domestic Habit.

One of the consolations of winter is the cheery fire and friendly circle congregating round the brilliant blaze. It is delightful and soothing to draw up the chairs as close as possible to the warmth-emitting flames and chat over the glow, nobody dreaming that laws of health are thereby being violated. But a rude awakening comes from a doctor, who denounces any and every company of people committing such a gross offence against health as to cluster round the fireside! It is, he says, the most unscientific action that anyone can take, and—to quote his own words—"wherever I come into a room and encounter such a sight, I can only regard the people as a company of fools. And actually," he goes on to say, "there are those who in winter even sit on the fender with their backs close to the fire in order to absorb warmth! Was ever anything so foolish?" I smiled a sickly smile. A fire, he explained, creates a draught, and if you are close against it, you may be sure you are in a direct line of draught. The purpose of a fire is to warm the atmosphere temperately and evenly, "not," as he puts it, "to make toast of people and dry up their marrow." Bosh!

Costly Furs.

Lucky are the women who are the possessors of a set of good fur, for the price of furs has risen, and such luxuries as sable, chinchilla, and ermine, when represented as long coats, suggest a small fortune. The extravagance of fashion is illustrated in the garments wherein costly pelts are mixed, chinchilla and sable, silver-fox and caracul, ermine and mole, and so on, being allied in many of the coats and stoles for the winter. Quite the warmest wraps are those of fur lined with fur—for instance, a coat with sable outside and pony-skin or grey squirrel within.

Fashions in Coiffure.

The new coiffure favours the front or forward dressing, the hair, as usual, being drawn up from the nape of the neck and held with a high back-comb, which has become a revived fashion since the Anglo-Spanish match, the mantilla as well as the Spanish comb putting in an appearance among English fashions out of compliment to the young Queen of Spain. Puff-curls are the chief feature of hair-dressing modes. They are used in unlimited numbers, piled up high beneath the much-tilted hat, or arranged in nests on evening coiffures. A bank of curls, rising straight from the forehead, and shelved off sharply at the back, represents one of the latest coiffures, but not, it must be confessed, one of the most artistic or becoming ones.

Brains and the Woman.

It is no light thing for a woman to be nominated for the deputy-chairmanship of Convocation at the University of London. This honour has been paid to Dr. Sophie Bryant, who is one of the best-known authorities on education in this country. She was the first woman to take the degree of Doctor of Science, in 1884, and after the death of her husband, Dr. W. H. Bryant, she became mathematical mistress at the North London Collegiate School for Girls. Eleven years ago she was appointed head mistress in succession to Miss Buss. "Dr. Sophie has had the further distinction of serving on a Royal Commission dealing with secondary education, and was the president of the Head Mistresses' Association for a couple of years.

JOHN BULL'S PICTURE POST-CARDS.

[John Bull *drops a few post-cards to some of his friends and acquaintances.*]

XLIX.

To W. H. Lever, Esq.

My dear Lever,—I never use Sunlight Soap—and I never worry—(but I hope it is matchless for the hands and complexion) nor Monkey Brand, because it won't wash clothes, and I fear it is a little too late for me to take either of them on Trust. When I was at school teacher informed me that 16 ounces made one pound; now you have upset all my calculations. You and they may be correct, but for my part I should be more satisfied if some grocer or consumer of soap would get the formula either tested in the police court or confirmed by Act of Parliament. I dislike being embarrassed in my avoirdupois—which is one of my strong points.

The fact is, my young friend, you have either gone too far in your revision of the weights and measures table, or not far enough in the money table. To be strictly logical, you should equalise their relations, and henceforth receive payment from your customers at nineteen shillings to the £1, and elevenpence to the bob; but if you start paying out on that basis you will certainly get into trouble for disturbing the normal incidence of the money market.

In fine and in short, nineteen shillings to the £ would be quite enough when I paid you money, but exactly a shilling out when you paid me. With the price of sovereigns at ni teen shillings I am a large buyer. You state that the net result of the Soap Trust—you prefer the euphonious term "amalgamation"—will be that the public will benefit; whereas the weight has gone down, and, according to the laundry managers, the washing bill is going up. All I can say is that if collars are to cost me three ha'pence, and my shirts sevenpence, I shall wash them myself—or else I shall wear a choker and paper cuffs. Think carefully over what I say. Golden text for the day, Jer. vi. 16.

John Bull.

L.

To Sir Henry Burton Buckley, K.B., Lord Justice of Appeal.

Dear M'Lud,—I congratulate you heartily on your elevation from the Chancery Division to the Court of Appeal. You have the honour to receive my high approval. I do not recognise your successor by his name, but I will endeavour to discover him in the national biographies. In case he has been forgotten, I shall speak to the publishers seriously about it. It has been said that a nation never knows its greatest men. All I can say is that it should.

As to yourself, my lord, I have always been appreciative of your good temper, your good manners, your good heart, and your good law while administering justice on the Chancery side. Why you chose that side of the law I know not, unless it be that you thought it offered opportunities of more lasting business, for it is well known that the difference between the King's Bench and Chancery is that cases never seem to get into the one, and never seem to come out of the other. Your most entertaining treatise, "Buckley on the Companies Act," though not a volume which I ever recommend to young ladies, is enshrined among the classics. In fact, the Companies Acts have made you what you are—and you love the company promoter. You were a Wrangler at Cambridge, but you never wrangle on the Bench, and your grave patience makes it a pleasure for any learned gentlemen to argue with you. If you are not quite as learned as you look, that is only because such a thing is a physical impossibility.

You will be an acquisition to the Court of Appeal, where you will have the pleasure of correcting the legal eccentricities of Mr. Justice Grantham, Mr. Justice Lawrence, Mr. Justice Ridley, and other learned brothers. Happily, mi lud, you do know a little law, having commenced to acquire your knowledge as a Tancred student, and you have been learning ever since. I hope you will have a pleasant time in your new situation. Don't work too hard. Take things easy. Half-past ten in the morning till four in the afternoon will be the hours, and the salary will be £5,000 a year, with an old-age pension when you are tired of the job. But it may comfort you to know that I regard you as one of the very few judges who are worth the money.

John Bull.

LI.

To Sir Albert Rollit, M.P.

Some days ago, when you were leaving for Budapest with a party representing British Chambers of Commerce, you were asked whether you would pursue your inquiries as far as Belgrade. You acquiesced, with your usual good nature, and great preparations were made for your reception in the Servian capital. But the land of the regicides is not very popular with Englishmen just now, and, when it came to the point, your fourteen colleagues fought shy. However, you are nothing if not pertinacious, and you went on alone. I can imagine all the banquets and all the speeches you had to go through, and I hope you formed a better opinion of Servian cookery than Colonel Newnham-Davis appears to have done. In any case, Servian hospitality seems to have led you to view Servian prospects with an indulgent eye, if your remarks have been correctly interpreted by the reporter of the paper, "Politika." I am sorry that you thought it necessary to make the acquaintance of Peter the Regicide, but I suppose you were too shrewd to be impressed by his assertion that "foreign capitalists would find it well worth their while to invest in Servian industries." Of course, we all know that Servia possesses undeveloped wealth and great possibilities, but how could foreigners invest there with safety on the eve of a revolution? You announce with great satisfaction that you visited the slaughter-houses near Belgrade. Slaughter-houses are indeed an appropriate institution to interest visitors in a capital whose chief diversion of late has been the organisation of slaughter. If the Servians had been truly polite, they would have organised the slaughter of a few ministers for your entertainment. Why did you rush in where your companions feared to tread?

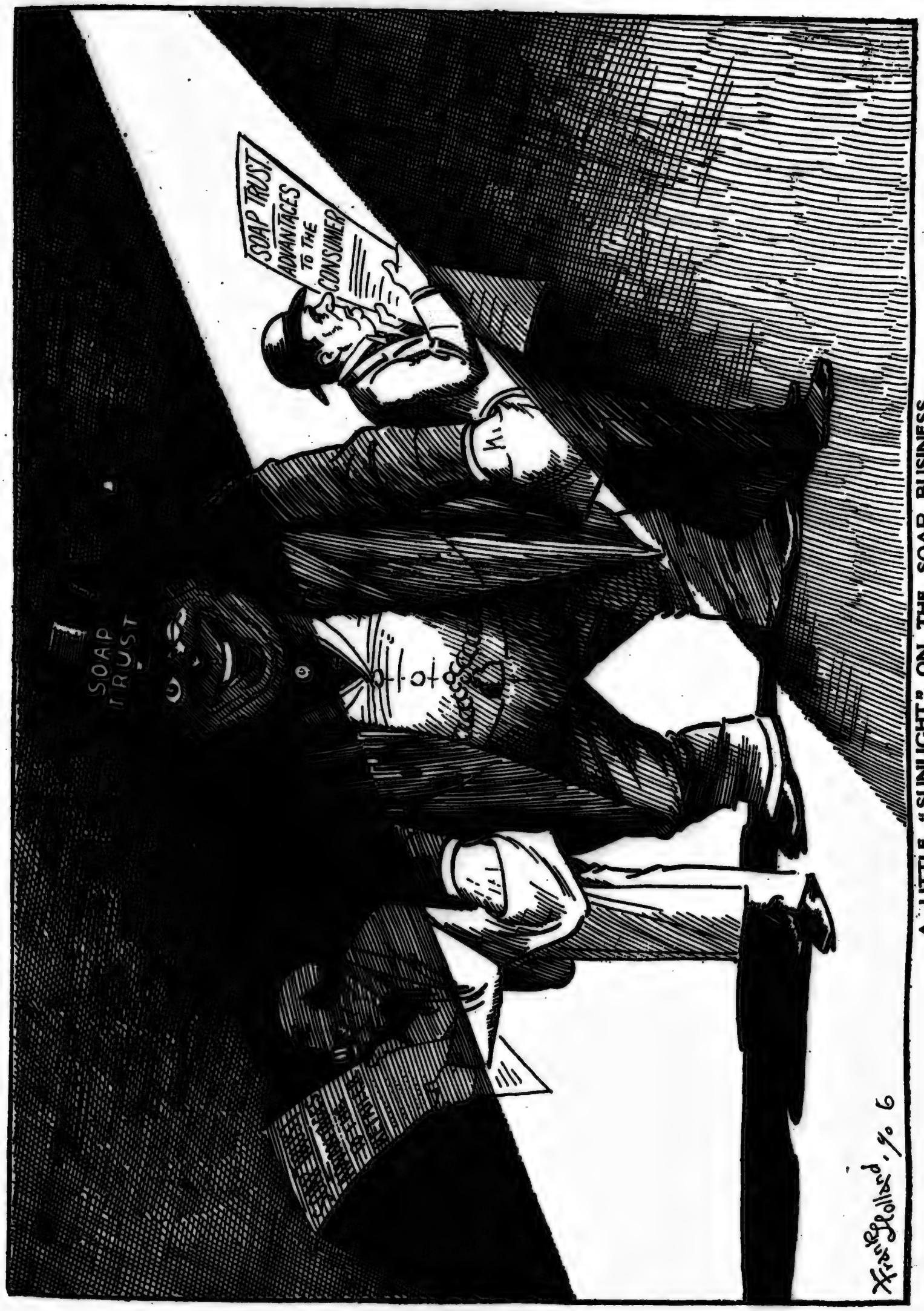
John Bull.

LII.

His Excellency Count Goluchovski.

I hope you will not think me very rude if I say I am glad you have gone. You have proved a clever diplomatist, and I suppose you have served your master well, seeing that your tottering Empire has not lost its equilibrium. Indeed, a less cautious statesman would probably have set the whole of Eastern Europe ablaze long ago. Some of your acts were certainly unwise. Why, for instance, were you in such a hurry to recognise the Servian regicides? If you thought they would show gratitude to you or to anybody else, you must have been undeceived by now. I cannot help laughing over your innocence in paying Peter the Regicide, and Pathick, his Premier, £60,000 to buy their guns in Austria. Surely it was to be expected that, directly they had pouched the money, they would try to make another deal elsewhere. But I am not surprised that you were angry when they made a fool of you. So, from your point of view, the tariff war was perhaps excusable. What I do not understand is that you should have resigned rather than face the Delegations. You have faced them so often, and bamboozled them so successfully, that I should have thought you were equal to any emergency. Perhaps, however, you had some other reason for eclipsing yourself. Great events are imminent, and you are safer out of the way.

John Bull.



A LITTLE "SUNLIGHT" ON THE SOAP BUSINESS.

OUR HEATHEN ALLY.

By G. W. Foote.

[*The President of the National Secular Society argues that moral conduct and right living can be best taught without religious dogma.*]

Christendom used to think it had the monopoly of civilisation. Gladstone, even towards the end of his life, put forward the fact that the Christian nations wielded nearly all the *material power* of this planet as an argument in favour of the divine origin of his faith. This material power, of course, included armies and navies, and all the other instruments and devices of slaughter; and some people thought Gladstone's argument rather strange in the mouth of a disciple of the Prince of Peace.

Holy Russia and Heathen Japan.

Students of history knew that Gladstone's argument was based upon a temporary state of things. Material power has belonged to all sorts of empires with all sorts of religions. One has only to mention Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, Greece, and Rome. The empire of Islam drove Christianity out of Asia and Africa, took from it the very city which had been founded by the first Christian Emperor, and converted the famous Church of Saint Sophia into a Mohammedan mosque. The Turk is now "the sick man of Europe," not because he has ceased to be bold and brave, but because the Christian nations have outclassed him in the machinery of warfare. We may say, indeed, that the incontestable superiority of Christendom from the fighting point of view is some two or three centuries old. What is that period in the history of the human race? And it is already coming to an end. The defeat of Holy Russia by Heathen Japan is a world-event of the highest importance. It means the advent of "heathen" powers in the comity of nations. It means the awakening of China. It means the resurrection of Asia. It means the end of European aggression in the far East. It means a revolution in the politics—and, as sagacious observers see, in the religion—of the modern world.

Japan's Efficiency.

Japan has waged war as it was never waged before. She has given a universal lesson in efficiency. Lord Rosebery, who has been prime Minister, and may be again (you never can tell), points this out very forcibly in his "Foreword" to Mr. Alfred Stead's *Great Japan*. The Island Empire of the West is a famous muddler. The Island Empire of the East is just as famously efficient. Japan thinks out everything, conducts everything on scientific principles, leaves nothing to chance. Japan leads into the political arena fully equipped at every point, as Minerva sprang full-armed from the brain of Jove.

In that "Foreword" of his, Lord Rosebery quotes, evidently with admiration, a sentence from the pen of a distinguished Japanese editor, Ichiro Tokatomi. "Our country," the writer said, "is our idol, and patriotism our first doctrine. From the Emperor downwards, the vast majority have no other religion." This is a very striking statement. It produced a little flutter in England at the time. But we are so impenetrable to ideas in this country—as Matthew Arnold used to say—and we so soon forget! Yet there must be persons of a different kind amongst the readers of John Bull; and it is for them I am writing.

Christianity in East Asia.

There are myriads, perhaps millions, of people in Great Britain who are misled by missionary reports, and who imagine that Christianity is making great headway in Japan, as well as in other "heathen" countries. This is sheer delusion. M. Hitomi, a well-known Japanese writer quoted by Mr. Stead, pricks this bubble sarcastically. "To-day," he says, "the Japanese have abandoned their feelings of enmity towards Christianity; from hatred they have passed to indifference." M. Okakura-Yoshisaburo, whose beautiful little book on the *Japanese Spirit* had the high honour of an "Introduction" by Mr. George Meredith, welcomes the elements of "truth and love" in Christianity, which the Japanese are quite familiar with, and "used in former days to call by other names, such as Bushido, Confucianism, etc." "But," he continues, "if you insist on having it understood in a narrow, sectarian sense, with a personal God and rigid formalities as its main features, then I should say that I cannot agree with you, for this Christianity occupies rather an awkward place in our Japanese mind."

So much for Japanese opinion. Let us now see what a candid missionary says. It is impossible to read that able and interesting book, *The Gist of Japan*, by the Rev. R. B. Peery, of the Lutheran (American) Mission, Saga, Japan without seeing that, humanly speaking, the conversion of Japan is inconceivable. "The most common attitude of the Japanese public towards Christianity to-day," Mr. Peery says, "is one of absolute indifference."

We will turn next to a standard book like Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain's *Things Japanese*. After stating that a reaction against Europe began on moral grounds in 1888, he admits that Christianity has "come in for its share of this cold wave." "Notwithstanding a rapidly-growing population," he adds, "the number of converts practically stands still."

Finally, we will take the opinion of a perfectly neutral witness like Mr. George Lynch, the well-known war correspondent. There are several references to missionary work in the Far East in his capital book *The Path of Empire*. Looking at the hard facts, he says, it "cannot but be borne in upon the mind of any impartial observer, with absolutely irresistible, convincing force, that throughout China, Japan, and Korea Christianity is making no real progress whatever." On a certain Easter Sunday he attended a Japanese church where he was told that the largest congregation of native Christians was to be found. What he saw there was disappointing. "There were less than half a dozen men," he says, "and a dilapidated, derelict lot of specimens they looked; the rest were all women and children, and the church was not half filled. And this," Mr. Lynch exclaims, "was the best that Christianity could show in the capital city of Japan."

The Cross Rejected.

Japan had an open mind at one time with respect to Christianity. At least, the Mikado and the leading men had. In 1871 a large special commission was sent to Europe and America to inquire into the moral and social results of the Western faith. Had the report been favourable, Christianity might then have been established as the State religion of Japan. But it was *not* favourable. The commissioners reported that Christianity had proved less efficacious as an ethical influence in the West than Buddhism had done in the East. It may sound odd to European ears, but the Japanese regard us with a certain moral disdain. They have more to teach us in this respect than we have to teach them. They eagerly accepted the science we had to impart. But there they stopped. They would take nothing else from us. "They knew well enough," as Professor Chamberlain says, "for every Eastern nation knows it, that our Christian and humanitarian professions are really nothing but bunkum."

Japanese Character.

I have said that the Japanese, while admiring our science, reprobate much of our conduct. According to all accounts, they stand on a higher ethical plane than we do. Nor is this a new phenomenon. Francis Xavier testified to it as far back as 1550. "I really think," he wrote, "that among barbarian nations there can be none that has more natural goodness than Japan. The Japanese are wonderfully inclined to all that is good and honest, and have eagerness to learn." The Rev. C. Munzinger's recent verdict in *Die Japaner* is on the same lines. "Highly ethical, not highly religious," he describes the Japanese. Politeness is one of

their distinguishing virtues. Mr. Peery was "impressed" with "the kindness and politeness of the officials" on the railways, in striking contrast with "the gruffness and incivility" he often encountered in his own country. Sir Edwin Arnold rhapsodised over this trait of the Japanese character. "Where else in the world," he asked, "does there exist such a conspiracy to be agreeable." Professor Chamberlain, after a quarter of a century's personal intercourse with this people, is convinced that their politeness really comes from the heart, and is "something more than mere bows and smiles—is rooted in genuine kindliness, especially among the lower classes." So refined are they in speech that there is not one "swear word" in their language.

Filial Piety.

The supreme virtue of the Japanese is filial piety. "Though they pray little," says Professor Chamberlain, "and make light of supernatural dogma, the religion of the family—filial piety—binds them down in truly sacred bonds." Children are trained to respect their elders and reverence their parents; and, on the other hand, Japan is the "paradise of babies." A society for the protection of children would be unthinkable there. It is only in Christian countries, as far as I can make out, that such societies are necessary.

This reverence of parents on the one side, and affection for children on the other, must be associated with the Confucian philosophy and with the ancestor-worship which is the practical part of the religion both of China and Japan. Worshipping one's ancestors may seem strange to those who never give their ancesters a thought. But instead of consigning the dead to oblivion, it may be better to guard them in memory and imagination; at any rate, it serves the cause of social solidarity, and binds the generations together in one unbroken evolution. Those who remember the dead are the least likely to forget the living.

Education and Ethics.

Japan has its inherited religions, but its Shinto and Buddhist priests remain in their old temples, and never set foot in the nation's schools. Religion and morality, as Munzinger, the missionary, remarked, are things quite apart from each other in Japan. This is largely due to the system of secular education which prevails in the public schools. There is no State religion in Japan; the Government is absolutely neutral in religious matters. Its interference is confined to the preservation of peace and order. "The school system of Japan," as Mr. Stead says, "contains no religious education, as the term is generally understood. In fact, it is the most valuable example of the possibility of teaching moral conduct and right living without dogma." The chief aim of this system, as the Japanese Minister of Education told Mr. H. Norman, is to inculcate those qualities—obedience, sympathy, and dignity. Civic teaching of this kind, based upon natural principles, has justified itself in the eyes of thoughtful people throughout the world. Men have died for their country in all ages, but here, for the first time, are men who die gladly. They have thoroughly learnt the lesson of individual subordination to the general welfare. "Spartans in the fight, Stoics in their grief," Mr. Meredith calls them. Yes, and Humanitarians in victory; which adds the charm of graciousness to the power of devotion.

The only active religion in Japan, if one may call it so, is the Religion of Humanity. The truth is that the Japan of to-day is the creation of a handful of Freethinkers. The Marquis Ito, the "grand old man" of Japan, looks upon religion, in its theological sense, as "a source of weakness." Mr. Fakuzowa, who is described by Professor Chamberlain as the "intellectual father of half the men who now direct the affairs of the country," confesses that he is himself without a single shred of such religion, and "leads young Japan in ostentatiously denying the importance of religious dogmas." Mr. George Lynch noticed the absence of "evidences of genuine religion" about the Japanese. "I am one of those," he added, "who believe in religion being an important element in the making of good soldiers." Well, the Russo-Japanese War has been fought since he wrote that, and it would be interesting to hear Mr. Lynch's opinion now.

Agnostic Japan.

The scepticism of the leaders of Japan, assisted by the secular system of education, is gradually leavening the masses. Well-educated Japanese are almost universally Agnostics. Let us hear Professor Okakura-Yoshisaburo on this point:—

> "But ask a modern Japanese of ordinary education in the broad daylight of life, if he believes in a God in the Christian sense; or in Buddha as the creator; or in the Shinto deities; or else in any other personal agency or agencies, as originating and presiding over the universe; and you would immediately get an answer in the negative in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred."

This writer adds that "we can be upright and brave without the help of a creed with a god or deities at its other end." And so the average mind of the educated Japanese is pleased and satisfied with "something like modern scientific Agnosticism, with a strong tendency towards the materialistic monism of recent times"—the monism of Haeckel.

The statement of the Japanese professor is corroborated by the American missionary. Mr. Peery deplores that the natural scepticism of the Japanese mind has been so fostered by education that "educated Japan is to-day largely a nation of atheists, or at least of agnostics." The good missionary grows quite pathetic over this terrible state of things:—

> "Science, learning, is thought to be all that is necessary, and religion is left for old women and children."

We may take it as certain that Japan is giving up her old supernaturalisms, and is not going to take another, even in the shape of Christianity. Her leading men are pure Secularists, and the masses are rapidly following their example. This movement is powerfully accelerated by the national system of secular education.

What Japan's Victory Means.

Now does any man in his senses imagine that the spiritual character of our admirable ally will have no effect upon ourselves? I venture to say that the advent of Japan as a great, successful, and triumphant power will do more than alter the political balance of the world: it will alter the religious balance of the world too. A sagacious critic like the editor of the *Hibbert Journal* sees this plainly. He admits, with a good deal of fear and trembling, that Christianity is once more on its trial, that the splendid rise of Japan is the most significant event in its history since the ancient struggle with Mohammedanism. He suggests an understanding for the good of the world between Christianity and Buddhism—as if *that* were the secret of Japan's advancement. It is really a question of new wine and old bottles. And the religionists of Christendom may just as well open their eyes to the real situation. A hundred years ago, fifty years ago, it was a case of Christianity first, and the other religions nowhere. I do not mean in point of numbers, but in point of world-power, and the boast of moral superiority that went with it. But all that is changed now. Little heathen Japan has beaten big holy Russia in a fair stand-up fight; crushed her on land, annihilated her on sea. The Japanese guns have blown Gladstone's old argument to the four winds. It is done for—for ever. And the moral boast of Christendom has been disposed of at the same time. Japan has not only fought better than her enemy, she has acted better in every way—shown better head and better heart together. The military pride of Christendom has been lowered; the ethical pride of Christendom has been lowered also. It is obvious to the man in the street that the alleged moral superiority of the Christian over the Heathen world is not a fact. And as it is by the ethical standard that religions are finally judged, this means, humanly speaking, that Christianity is taking its place as merely one of the world's religions, not apart from them, but amongst them; and what *that* means, in the long run, I think every reader can judge for himself.

FROM JAMES TO JOHN.

Plutarch, my dear John, tells that when Philip was asked to arbitrate in respect to a dispute, with neither side of which he had great sympathy, he decided that one disputant was to fly out of Macedonia and the other was to pursue him.

What has come to be known as the Battle of the Books has, like most battles, raised a cloud of smoke which has quite obscured the real points at issue, and the true proportion of the quarrel. By magnifying the matter into one of public importance, the publishers have succeeded in "booming" the *Times* Book Club in a manner which must have delighted the hearts of the American hustlers who appear to have annexed Printing House Square. On the other hand, the *Times* has managed to place publishers on a pedestal of public benefaction which cannot fail to unduly enlarge the importance of the trade, and hence its influence.

But the squabble has in it nothing of the heroic. The *Times* has purchased certain goods, and for its own purposes has decided to sell them at a "cut" price. It only remains for the publishers to decide which will pay them best—to continue to sell to one big customer, knowing that that customer will re-sell at a price with which other customers cannot compete, or to refuse to have dealings with the big customer and rely upon the others. But suppose, say, Lipton, in order to whip up trade, sold new-laid eggs as "fresh 'uns" and "fresh" eggs as "shop 'uns." This might spell havoc to a large portion of the provision trade and place the egg merchants in a dilemma. But it surely would not be a matter to which the newspapers would feel it necessary to devote columns and upon which the public would be asked to take sides.

* * * * * *

A lady once, suffering from "nerves," complained to her doctor that all the trouble arose from her servants. "They are such fools," she declared. "My dear madam," replied the sapient medico, "do you imagine that if they were not fools they would be your servants?"

Servantitis has been a recognised disease amongst medical men for some time. Anything like a cure for this distressing complaint, which affects those who come into contact with the patient more seriously than the patient herself, had long been the despair of the medical world. But a new disease—mistresitis—has recently been discovered. It is almost entirely confined to young women in domestic service, and it has been found that a serum taken from one afflicted with this malady is an absolute specific in most cases of servantitis. The indisposition to do anything for one's self and the discontent at anything done for one, which are symptomatic of this distressing complaint, quickly give place to domestic activity, a genial regard for those who help, and gratitude for services rendered.

Train up a servant in the way she should go, and when she is trained she will—go!

* * * * * *

Daniel's exposition of Nebuchadnezzar's idol, and his discovery of its feet of clay, was a poor performance when compared with the Hohenlohe memoirs. The great ones of the earth appear very little when the truth is told about them, though they inhabit the "high places." How paltry and petty the whole thing is, with its mean contriving and spiteful intriguing! How horrible to think it possible, as these memoirs show it eminently possible, that vast aggregations of human beings should be flung against each other in mortal combat—that death, destruction, poverty, sorrow, should be inflicted on countless innocent victims—merely to please the personal whim or gratify the personal ambition of some man with "a gold thing on his head!" But this will go on so long as the people suffer themselves to be made drunk either materially by alcohol, or, what is much more dangerous, spiritually by loyalty to crowns and a bastard patriotism specially distilled for the purpose.—Your truthful,

JAMES.

SWITZERLAND.

By Jim Crow.

The Playground of Europe! That is not a very edifying title for a district which could once claim to be called the cradle of liberty, and still possesses traditions of mediæval heroism, that fired the imagination of orators and poets.

The tendency of modern development is to turn ancient monuments into barns or barracks, to sacrifice the beauties of Nature at the altar of alleged utility, so we need not perhaps wonder to see Helvetia a playground. But it is worse. Rather should it be styled the Earl's Court of Europe, the bagman's beer-garden, or the loafer's lumber-room.

Mountain Mercenaries.

Mr. Cook, no doubt, is largely responsible. His cart-loads of Cockneys, his drove of dyspeptics, his exuberant excursionists, with their trail of orange-peel and paper-bags, would have sufficed to vulgarise anybody but the Swiss. The fault is theirs and that of their mercenary nature, which invites and revels in degradation, rejoicing to find venerable cantons reduced to a Margate without even the excuse of a sea. In old days they were already mercenaries, but mercenaries who fought like lions for Popes and kings. Then they sold their bodies for sublime causes. Now they barter their souls for the coupons and the tips of the tripper. In old days the word Suisse connoted a faithful guard; now it has come to mean a menial at the portals of the rich. And his character is illustrated by the proverb, "Pas d'argent, pas de Suisse" ("No money, no Swiss").

An Assassins' Alsatia.

For centuries Helvetia has been the Alsatia of European criminals. So long ago as the seventeenth century she refused to give up English regicides to justice. To this hour she harbours every murderer, privy conspirator, and rebel who has fled thither to escape the consequences of his misdeeds. She has become a menace to the security of the civilised world by harbouring these wretches and enabling them to hatch their criminal plots in perfect safety.

Geneva is the headquarters of political and semi-political criminals. Here, where Rousseau was appropriately born, Armenian assassins, Macedonian Komitadjis, Russian Nihilists, Italian Anarchists, and desperadoes from every clime, print their pamphlets and prepare their bombs, and issue orders to their active accomplices from the security of garrets. Here Peter Karageorgevitch plotted the crime of Belgrade. Here a gracious Empress was stabbed in the name of Liberty by some fiend in human form.

Surely the arms of the city should be changed. Let me suggest an assassin's dagger, gules sinister, skull and cross-bones dexter. Supporters, a Nonconformist conscience or and a national conscience erased.

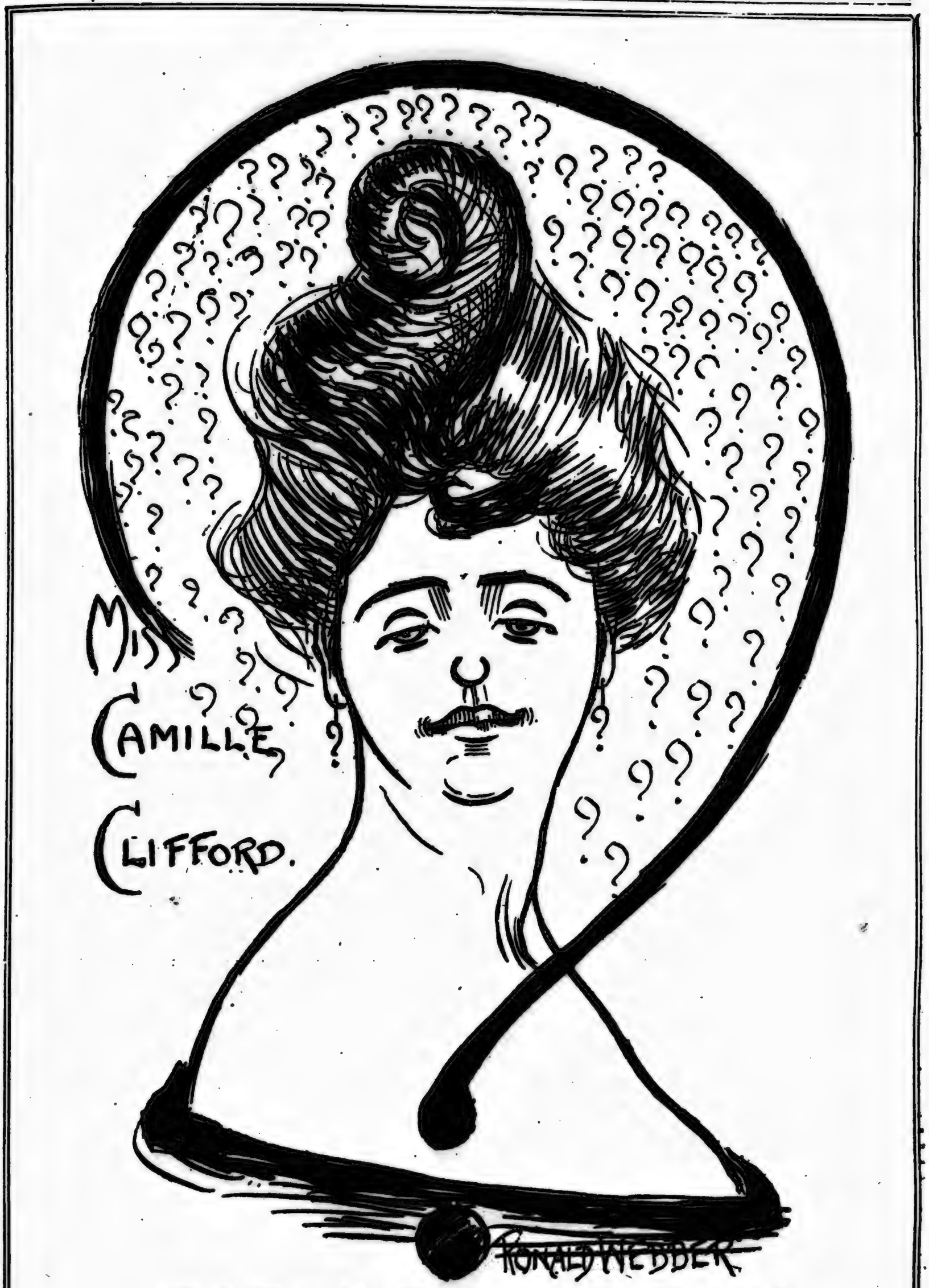
A Short Way with the Swiss.

And surely it is high time that every civilised nation should agree to terminate an intolerable scandal, and present a joint note to the Swiss, informing them that they must mend their ways, as we cannot tolerate the existence of so bad a neighbour. I am an opponent of reckless aggression, but a partition of Switzerland may easily become a political necessity. In that case the line of demarcation is easy. France, Germany, and Italy would annex those districts which profess to speak their languages. That would cause some perplexity to the delimitators, for a Swiss can scarcely be said to speak any language, least of all his own. He talks French like a Vandal, German like a Hungarian, and Italian like an Italian organ-grinder's monkey.

National Nondescripts.

Indeed, Switzerland has neither a language, nor a race, nor a religion of her own—not one of the characteristics of a nation. There would, therefore, be no national grievance if she were swallowed up. Or, if there were a grievance, no one need experience pity for a people which is greedy, inhospitable, insolent, and repulsive beyond all other peoples in the world. So far as I can see, their excuse for existence is bounded by their adroitness in conducting indifferent inns, deflowering romantic scenery, and deluging the world with unsatisfactory labour.

[*We have much respect for "Jim Crow's" views upon things in general, but it must be understood that they are not always those of* John Bull.]



"WHY DO THEY CALL ME 'A GIBSON GIRL'?" (AND ECHO ANSWERS, "WHY?")

THE SHOP GIRL.

By Henry Gilbert.

I.

There she was. The sound of the key in the door roused the waiting mother. She turned up the gas, which she had lowered when midnight struck, to save the waste. She looked at the clock—a quarter past one; then at the table to see the girl's supper was quite ready; and, poking the fire gently, put on a few sticks to boil water for the cocoa. The girl entered, a tall, rather graceful figure, with white face, whose cheek bones were becoming salient. Listlessly she stood without speaking, taking the pins out of her hat. She threw this down on a side table, and took off her jacket.

"Well, you're late. What's been keepin' you. Busy?"

"Yes," said the girl coldly, and sat down on a chair the other side of the table, furthest from the fire.

"Don't sit there. You must be froze. Come and sit by the fire. Your cocoa'll soon be ready."

"I don't want the fire, and I don't want cocoa."

The mother looked at her daughter, with eyes dilated.

"Oh," she said, her tone curiously hard. "What do you want then?"

"Nothing." The girl arose again, and, as was her habit, took off her bodice, and, standing before the glass, began to put her hair into curl papers for the morrow. The arms were white and soft and pitiable.

"You're goin' a fine way to make yourself ill," said the mother, "if you don't have sufficient food. Now, come and have this cocoa. Now, come on."

"I tell you I don't want it."

The mother looked for a few moments with angry eyes that slowly softened. Then, with some emotion, said:

"You're a silly great thing. You never like anything I do for you. I don't know what's come over you lately."

The girl said nothing, but patted down the pinned curl just made upon her forehead.

"You were not always like it," said the mother. "Now I can't speak to you but you cut me short. I tell you, Anne, I don't know what it all means."

The girl took up her bodice and hung it on her shoulder, holding her hairpins in one hand. She avoided her mother's eyes, and her own white lips were bitten close.

"I can never do enough for you," the mother went on, "though, I try, God knows."

"Do you think I don't know that? It's that that makes this hell the worse. Oh, you don't know—I can't—I——"

The voice quivered and the eyes blazed up.

"Wish to God He'd strike me dead. For your sake."

She turned in sudden tears, and with her hand to her eyes went from the room.

In the early hours of a morning two days later Wentworth, the eldest son, was frightened out of his sleep by the quick voice of his mother, and staggering to a sitting posture met, behind the flaring candle, dilated eyes in a haggard face crowned by grey, dishevelled hair.

"Anne's not come home."

"Wha'—wha'—wha' did you say?" he said, rubbing his eyes.

"It's four o'clock, and Anne's not come home."

"What's it mean?" he said, with the curtness he had assumed when his father's death had given him the domination of the family.

"Her box is empty. She's taken all her things away."

"What's she done it for? Guy Stakes?"

She looked at him with eyes that suddenly flamed and then went hard.

"I'm going to look for her," she said, standing up.

"You?" he said, startled.

"Some one must."

"But what for? What's the use?"

"She's gone off with some man—a married man, I believe. And I'm going to bring her back."

"What!" he said with loud anger. "The young —— Don't you let her ever step inside this house again if she has. Let her go her own road. And you go to bed."

"I'm going to find where she is."

The two eyed each other silently. The mother's face, generally plump and homely, was now ridged with resolution. Flashes of spirit had been so rare with her, her bearing to husband and sons had been so generally submissive, that he was taken a little aback.

"Don't be a foolish woman," he said. "Go to bed now, and Fred or Sam will make inquiries. It's not a fit thing, if what you say is right, for you to be mixed up in it."

She turned to the door.

"I shall be back—when I've found her."

She went out of the room, shutting the door. He thrust one naked leg out of the bed to the floor, as if about to dash out and drag her back, but suddenly stayed, thinking. Nobody at the shop where the girl had worked knew anything about them, neither Fred nor Sam would care to be mixed up in a disreputable affair, and the mother would easily be fobbed off—in fact, she wouldn't know how to go about her inquiry. Young Anne should never darken their door again. As he sank to sleep, he heard the front door close softly, and then the click of the wooden gate.

II.

As she waited in the frozen air outside the shop where the girl had been employed, the mother saw the dawn rise sluggishly over the white housetops, and steal mistily down the street in which a few feet began to tramp. The lamps began to shine ghostily; a few sparrows flew and hopped in the road, chirping peekily. Empty wains with wisps of straw and refuse of vegetables about them began to rumble past, countrywards, the thick-coated wintry-faced carman half dozing on his seat. From her little white bed, years since, she had seen many a cold dawn rise over the hill at the back of the cottage on the lonely Portsmouth road, but never a dawn so bleak, so black as this. She looked at the worn step of the shop door and thought: *her* feet had pressed it many times when she could not have dreamed of this.

It had taken her two hours to get there. She knew little of London except the few streets round about the houses the family had dwelt in from time to time. But by frequent inquiry of policemen, who had suspiciously directed her, and of the coffee stall keepers, who, or whose customers, had twice humorously misdirected her, with much grave advice, she had at length reached the place.

She had rung the bell as soon as she had found the shop, her breath failing as she heard the tinkling in the depths of the house. But no one had come, though she had rung many times; and to keep some warmth in her body she had walked backwards and forwards, seldom taking her eyes from the door.

The milk carts rattled along the road, each halting here and there to drop a red-nosed, hurrying little boy, his chapped hands full of cans, and his tiny voice shrilly vociferous. One stopped at the door of the shop, and left a halfpennyworth of milk on the step. She wondered, and then went faint with dread, and rang the bell frantically.

About half-past seven, when the tinkling trams loomed up along the wide road like great galleons through the mist, and the street was astir, and passing glances dwelt upon her, the sound of bolts being drawn at the next door, a tobacconist's, brought the blood beating to her temples. An untidy woman opened the door a little way, and swiftly put out her head, which was in "crackers," and clawed at the milk can.

"Can you tell me if anyone lives next door here?"

The "crackers" went up, and the loose mouth opened in a laugh. The grey eyes looked spitefully at the haggard face.

"So you're her mother, I should say. Yes, I thought so," as the fevered eyes drooped. "Well, I'm sorry for yer, Gord knows. I can understand what it must be to have to do with such a girl, the stuck-up, conceited, immoral little slut. But, there, it's 'ard lines on you, I dessay. No; they ain't there, now. The road's too hot for 'em. There was a fine how-de-do here last night. A shockin' thing for a respectable neighbrood. And where you'll find 'em, Lord knows." The evil eyes, as she looked beyond the mother into the street, suddenly became concerned, and she dodged behind the door, saying: "There's Mr. Rigby, the owner. He'll tell you about your beautiful daughter."

A short dark man with austere face stood at the shop door with a key in his hand. The mother went to him:

"I am Mrs. Bealing. My daughter has not been home all night. Do you know where she is?"

"Madam, I wish to God I'd never seen your daughter. I've lost a good manager through her."

"Tell me. Did she go with—with him?"

"Who? Beavis? I don't know. I only know I was brought here from my other branch to stop a most disgraceful scene, caused, I understand, through your daughter. And I sacked them on the spot."

"Where does he live?"

"He gave her an address near by. "He used to live there," he said. "And, I say, tell your daughter she can have her money up to last night if she calls. As a business woman I don't complain of her. Good day."

He turned and opened the shop door as the mother went down the street wrapping her mantle the closer, her face and figure bent.

As she ascended the grimy stairs of the mean house, her breath panted, and her limbs were a-tremble. The door of the room was locked, and voices ceased as she turned the handle. She rapped sharply. After a few moments, while the voices hummed again, a firm tread came to the door, and it opened. The face of the man that looked at her went white; she pushed past him into the room.

"Anne!"

The girl's slim form by the window shrank as if before a blow. She put her hand to her face, and gasped a feeble "Oh!" The eyes wavered, looked at the mother across the room, then glanced down and out of the window and back again. The man, tall, dark, handsome, stood still for a moment, then locked the door, and came forward.

"Mrs. Bealing, I——"

She turned with a fierce gesture, her eyes flashing.

"Go away! Would to God I could strike you dead."

He hesitated, cast a look at the stiffening form of the young girl, and went slowly into another room, leaving the door ajar.

"So you have tracked me down," began the girl pantingly. Her eyes never fixed the mother's, the face and fingers were in a continual restlessnss. "Why didn't you let me go—go my own way? I took it open-eyed. I wanted it. You only care for me when it's too late."

"Anne, my child, come home with me."

The gentleness wrung the voice from the quivering lips of the girl. She tried to speak; but as her mother approached she thrust her hands before her, and cried out:

"Go away. You are too late, and I am glad of it. It is all your fault. You love your boys too much to care for your girls. Nothing was too good for them, anything was good enough for your daughters. It is your fault, your fault. You drove me to it, as you'll drive the others to it. You penned me up in that shop. Wasn't it you that told me the boys knew best? That I ought to be satisfied with standing at the counter all day for all the hours God gave me, to crawl home to bed, and then out again to the shop? From bed to shop and shop to bed, in summer when I saw others enjoying themselves, in winter when I saw warm rooms as I passed. And never a word from anyone of—of care for me until—never a thought that I wanted anything else in my life. You took my paltry money, and never dreamed, never cared, if part of me was starved. Oh, it's such as you that drive us wrong for a few dirty shillings a week. Go away. It's too late now. I'm not respectable. I'm not fit to see your sons. Go and tell them that I'm dead. But I—I'm living now."

The mother's drawn face looked long at the tears in the other's fierce eyes.

"Come with me, dear, and we will live alone."

"No, never again. I'll work my fingers raw for him that cares for me, but not for you. You never cared, never loved me. Go away, I don't want you."

"Anne, dear, think, think."

"Never a night as I walked home have I done anything else. I prayed God for someone to care for me till I was tired, and then, then—it came. Mother, go away. I can't go back."

The tearful eyes were almost exultant; the strained face seemed to smile, the slim figure to become erect, buoyant, womanly. The mother's glance rested upon the girl's face with a gentleness, till the younger's eyes were lowered, and she was restless.

"Kiss me, Anne. We may never meet again."

The girl's form quivered, the full mouth trembled. Her dilated eyes met the mother's for a moment, then her hands went up to her face, and the slender figure shook. The other went up to her, and, bending, kissed the wet fingers, her arms round the girl's neck.

The younger turned herself away, but not ungently.

"Anne, if you mean this, I wish I kissed you now lying dead."

The daughter made no sign. There was a sound of movement in the next room, and the mother pressed the girl closer to her. Suddenly Anne drew herself free and away.

"I can't. I can't. I prayed for it and it came."

With a quick embrace she flung her arms about her mother and passionately kissed her. Then, turning, she hastened into the next room, and shut the door.

The mother stood still, her eyes shining with points of light, and looked at the closed door for some moments. Then, with the sound of passionate weeping and deep caressing tones upon her ears, she groped slowly from the room and out of the house, her grey head bent, her eyes blind.

THE GREAT UNWASHED.

By Oliver Strange.

Judging by the "scare" articles appearing in some of the daily papers, the situation indicated by the following Press cuttings is imminent.

A Wealthy Beggar.

A shabbily-dressed man was charged at West London yesterday with begging. On being searched, no less than six cakes of soap were found concealed about his person. They were evidently of considerable age, for on being tested, they proved to be of *full weight*. The man asserted that he had possessed them for years, but the police suspect that they have been stolen from some curio-shop, and he was remanded for inquiries. That one in such evident poverty should hoard property so valuable seems incredible, especially as the man's appearances negatived the idea that he was acquainted with its real use.

An Advertisement.

WANTED, a Good General Servant, to live where another is kept. Small family, light work. Wages, £20 per annum, *with Soap*. One bath per week allowed. Apply ——.

From "Replies."

Keep your bonus tickets carefully; they may be worth SOAP to you! Every week we are giving away 100 CAKES OF REAL SOAP to fortunate readers, and one ticket alone is worth 50 TABLETS! Think what this means! With such a supply you can wash EVERY DAY for TWO YEARS! If you are a family man, it will keep you and your's CLEAN—with care—for a YEAR. The number of the ticket which will win this SPLENDID GIFT will shortly be announced, so KEEP YOUR BONUS TICKETS.

A "Punch" Joke.

First Sportive Swell: "Toss you who pays for two baths, my boy."

Second Sportive Swell: "No, thanks, old chap; I had one last week."

Sporting Intelligence.

The threatened difference between jockeys and owners has come to a head at last, and the Jockeys' Union has ordered the men out. The knights of the pigskin want higher wages. They claim that it is impossible to keep their weight down without at least one bath per diem, and this adds so much to the cost of training that, at present fees for riding, they cannot make a living wage. It is to be hoped that some arrangement may be come to before the date for the Lever Handicap of 5,000lbs. (150z.), as the Great Soap Race is now the most valuable of our Turf events. We hear that Mr. Lever's own horse, "Suds," is said to be a certain *starcher* (ahem), we mean *starter*, of course.

Police News.

The shop of a Putney jeweller was burglariously entered last night, and several cases of costly Soap Tablets abstracted. These were evidently the objective of the thieves, as the rest of the stock—of considerable value—was practically untouched. They got clear away with their precious booty, but the police have arrested two men in the district. Suspicion was aroused by the fact that their faces were much cleaner than their apparent position in life seemed to warrant. The numbers of the tablets are known, and the police have every hope of recovering the stolen property before it can be melted down.

THE ENTERPRISE CLUB.

We have pleasure in directing attention to the Enterprise Club for lady clerks, which has just opened its winter season. The club offers many attractions to lady workers in the city. Lunches, teas, and suppers can be had every day of the week except Sundays. Members have the advantage of a good registry, a library full of books and modern works of reference, and plenty of weekly publications. A capital programme has been arranged for Saturday afternoon and evening parties from November till April. These comprise several whist drives, musical evenings, and a dance. The Lady Mayoress is President of the Club, which has now a membership of 500. The subscription is 14s. per annum, and there is no entrance fee. This Club is a real boon to ladies working in the city.

REMINISCENCES.

By Herbert Vivian.

I first published Reminiscences soon after I left Cambridge, and they were certainly fresher than anything I can write to-day. Events are much more interesting to those who experience them for the first time, personages are still on pedestals, the mind of youth remains receptive of surprises; whereas the flight of years dwarfs, blurs, disillusions. Let me then hasten to recollect, while bloom or glamour still survive.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

The danger of reminiscences is usually egotism. This may perhaps be avoided by departing from chronological order, a near relative to autobiography. Permit me, therefore, to recall people, places, and periods as chance may suggest. Let me begin with Charles Bradlaugh.

I first met him when he and the Fourth Party were engaged in working up each other's fame, and a storm of obloquy was being directed against him by all sorts and conditions of believers. To mention the name of Bradlaugh in the saloons of the polite, in political congregations, or even in the haunts of the indifferent, was to invoke calumnious abuse. Atheism was then regarded with fear and hatred, not, as it is to-day, with cool contempt. An Atheist was an enemy of the human race, intolerable in Parliament, scarcely entitled to exercise the ordinary rights of a citizen. Moreover, Bradlaugh had excited other passions, largely through misunderstanding and misrepresentation of his doctrines. He was detested not merely for his reflections upon the Bible, but even more for his denunciations of the House of Brunswick, for his unconventional views on tremendous natural problems.

When Tom Potter, the member for Rochdale, invited me to meet Bradlaugh at dinner, I was not only attracted by curiosity, but moved by that sympathy which belongs to those who are persecuted. Instead of the blatant iconoclast, the rough, dogmatic ignoramus, constructed by popular prejudice, I found a great, calm, generous philosopher, full of dignity and charm. He had a deep, soothing voice, an extraordinary conversational gift, marvellous versatility, and, strangest of all, an enormous fund of tolerance. He was even gentle and modest. When directly questioned, he would reel off fascinating stories of his multifarious adventures, though it seemed to be an effort to talk of himself.

A Thief-taker

He spoke at great length of his experiences as a private soldier, when a strenuous life had developed his militant character. I remember vaguely an account of some thieves' kitchen in the slums. A desperate criminal was known to be there, but the police dared not attempt to disturb him. Bradlaugh volunteered to effect the arrest. Being a man of great physical strength, he could probably have held his own against a score. But he preferred to rely upon the magnetism of his will-power. He went down among the desperadoes, as a trainer might enter a den of wild beasts; he met their snarls with a smile, tapped his quarry on the shoulder, and bade him come out. There was never a thought of resistance. The ruffian came out like a lamb, and only began to struggle when he found himself surrounded by constables.

A Great Soul in a Big Body.

I should like to be able to describe Mr. Bradlaugh as I remember him, but the task is not easy. His body was monumental, the instant impression was one of avoirdupois. Of towering stature and great breadth, it conveyed a suggestion of force, despite a slight stoop and the almost ecclesiastical cut of his broad-cloth. A vast forehead, expanded by incipient baldness, surmounted rugged, beetling brows, while the long hair over his neck mitigated the aggression of intellect with the repose of a poet. The only note of irreverence was suggested by his squat nose, endeavouring to turn upwards. His long upper lip insinuated the mocking humour of Irishry, while his short, sharp under lip and sturdy chin displayed obstinacy, perhaps even bigotry. His full eyes, with heavy lids, were the most speaking of his features. In repose they were half-shut, sphinx-like, episcopal. Suddenly they would light up with amusement, anger, or defiance—straight, clear, honest eyes, frankly revealing the humours of the hour. He had the face of a fanatic, sometimes the aspect of an abbé, ever ready to be transfigured by the human-kindness of his soul.

A Practical Individualist.

I persuaded him to speak of individualism, which he had consistently championed, and later on he embodied his remarks in an article for my paper, the *Whirlwind* (4th October, 1890). He thought that Mr. Auberon Herbert and I went too far in advocating voluntary taxation, "for," said he with a merry smile, "the result would be that no one would pay any taxes at all. I certainly should not, for one." I protested that his patriotism and sense of civic duty were greater than he cared to admit. But he only laughed and said that he would not pay while others refrained, as he was certain they would refrain.

At the same time he went very far in the direction of what he called "practical Individualism." He considered that the Socialists were "fighting self-reliant civilisation tooth and nail." "Even organised Individualism," he said, "is to be challenged in constitutional form, and is to be invited to avail itself of additional state-crutches. The whole force of the Roman Catholic Church, as represented by Cardinal Manning, is to be arrayed on the side of State Socialism. According to the letter of his Eminence to the Liège Christian Socialists, wages, profits, hours, and conditions of industry, all are to be fixed by statute. I affirm, first, that the Legislature ought not to limit the freedom of the adult individual, except in relation to acts clearly injurious to the life, health, and property of other individuals; second, that the function of the Executive should be (*a*) the general preservation of the peace, including the reasonable protection of each individual against the criminal acts of other individuals; (*b*) the protection of the State against foreign enemies; (*c*) the protection of our citizens beyond the seas in accord with the comity of nations, and the amelioration of that comity. Subject to these positions, I deny that the Legislature ought to interfere penally as to what any citizen shall do, eat, drink, or wear, or the method in which he shall earn his livelihood. Of course I do not mean that there are any constitutional limits to the power of the Legislature, or that I deny the legal right of Crown, Lords and Commons to enact anything, however monstrous or absurd, but I contend that when the Legislature passes the lines marked by the above positions it injures society and retards civilisation."

Mr. Bradlaugh at Home.

After this meeting, I often saw Mr. Bradlaugh, who was always ready to afford me kindly advice on political matters. I have kept some notes of a visit which I paid him in August, 1889, at his house in Circus Road, N.W. I found him at work in a large room on the first floor. The walls were entirely clothed with books; among them could be recognised a well-worn brown tome, inscribed "Holy Bible." Near the window was a bust of John Stuart Mill, who seemed to beam benevolently upon the labours of his disciple.

The Egyptian Question.

He spoke at length about recent military operations in Egypt. He had always been opposed to British intervention there, and objected to Disraeli's purchase of the Suez Canal shares in 1875, regarding it as "the root of nearly all the evils which have ensued." But his indignation was specially against the "wholesale butchery of ill-armed, untrained natives, who have no chance in a conflict with disciplined troops."

When I asked if he thought the victory was likely to be final, he shouted with scorn: "Final! Final? The slaughter of these 1,500 natives final! Why, if they destroy fifty times 1,500 men, it won't even then be final. Savages in unproductive places will always make for a more fertile district. These Mahdis are not merely religious leaders. One of them announces that he has a mission—a mission to lead the people to a land flowing with milk and honey; and the people, being destitute of the very means of subsistence, are ready to follow wherever he may lead. You might as well hope, like Canute, to check the progress of the tides as to stay the onslaughts of these hungry savages in search of food."

Referring to the march of civilisation, as represented by railways and telegraphs, through the dark continent, he remarked, "I hardly think the Africans are likely to appreciate our civilisation, when it takes the form of knocking them on the head. As to introducing railways and telegraphs, it may be possible some day, say in the year 2500. Just at present there may be some unpleasantness about the reception which the engine-driver and the telegraph operator would encounter."

No Thought for the Morrow.

Mr. Bradlaugh had an unusual contempt for money. He deliberately chose to live from hand to mouth. I remember his telling me that he always obeyed the biblical injunction to take no thought for the morrow. Whenever his funds were exhausted, he would go off somewhere and deliver a lecture, return with profits of £50 or so, and pursue the even tenour of his way until the money was exhausted. Then he would set out again for another lecture. The result of this was that, when he fell ill, he found himself in great difficulties, and I believe he died virtually a pauper.

WHY NOT TEACH CHILDREN LAW?

BY A LAWYER.

[*A propos of the Education question, but quite removed from the controversy which has been raging both in and out of Parliament on the matter, one of our contributors, a lawyer, is anxious to place before our readers a point which he believes has never been raised on the subject of what our children should be taught in the schools.*]

Whilst the nation has been aroused to take a special interest in the religious training of the young, I think it a good opportunity to suggest to the readers of JOHN BULL that they might profitably consider the merits, or demerits, of a proposition which I desire to advance, and which does not appeal to the religious convictions of anyone.

My plea is for the tuition at our boys' public and private schools of the principles and elements of jurisprudence. I submit broadly the proposition that the inclusion of Law as one of the subjects to be taught to boys is bound to be of the greatest use to them in after life.

It is an accepted axiom in Law that ignorance of it forms no excuse. From the moment a foreigner, or indeed one of our Colonial subjects, touches English soil at Dover or at any of our ports, and from the instant that our boys reach the age of discretion, they are presumed to know their own legal rights and their legal duties towards their King, the Government, and their fellow subjects. Yet no one has been appointed to expound these rights and duties to them. It may be questioned whether a lad who, in time to come, starts a grocery or butcher's business, or who engages in manual labour, will be one penny-piece the better off in his battle with life, for having, at a Council or private school, been taught the mysteries of the differential calculus, or if he has been led safely across the *pons asinorum*. The magical problem of squaring the circle may serve, say, members of a soap trust who desire to hypnotise their customers into the belief that 15 ounces always did and always should make 1 lb. The knowledge that Barrabas was a publisher may become of vital moment to those venturesome youths who, in the fulness of their ignorance, may in years to come find that they can only get their books published "by kind permission of the *Times* Book Club." We do not wish to argue that any special study of these subjects may not result in making the fortunes of many budding Levers or Walters, and that specialised information of similar character may not stand others in good stead; but we submit that every boy who grows to man's estate, whatever be the career he may choose, cannot go through life without encountering, daily, matters of a legal nature which he is called upon to solve quickly, and which now he generally solves to his own disadvantage, because his mind has not had a legal training.

He has legal duties towards his parents, sisters, and brothers, his neighbours, his servants, his landlords, his clerks, and, in after life, his wife and his children, his tradesmen, and his employers and principals. From the moment he rises until his hour for retiring to rest, he is constantly engaged in doing something that is either legal or illegal. How is he to find out whether it be the one or the other. His knowledge of what the law permits and what it forbids comes to him from witnessing the conduct of his neighbours, and profiting by the success or failure which may attend their dealings, and gradually he acquires some idea of the general principles of law, the whole of which he is presumed, at his peril, to know.

We do not submit that our boys should be turned into lawyers at our schools, whilst at the same time we do not advocate that they should acquire only that little knowledge which, proverbially, is a dangerous thing. Our submission is that the principles of our law be taught them, and that Blackstone and Justinian form the first text books. We submit further that a training in the elements and principles of jurisprudence will, indirectly, help them to assimilate much history and geography, and that the study of law is sufficiently interesting to warrant the belief that more advanced scholars will be eager to prosecute, at home, researches into legal history and legal principles. We submit, further, that these latter will give the young idea a correct perspective of what will be required of them when they go into the world on their own account. They will gain that judicial temperament and balance of mind which enables one to hear both sides of a case before coming to a decision; they will encourage thinking deeply; they will ennoble the mind by implanting lofty thoughts and deeds in emulation of the law-givers of old; and lastly they will—to revert to the more material side of the question—keep them from entering upon litigation without fully counting the cost. What says Mr. Birrell to the idea?

"SUCCESS IN BUSINESS."

A PRACTICAL, THOUGHTFUL, IDEA-STIMULATING BOOKLET WHICH SHOULD BE READ BY EVERY BUSINESS MAN OF AMBITION.

Post Free 4 Stamps

FROM

THE . . .

F.E. COE ADVERTISING AGENCY LTD.,

19, 20, 21, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

BRANCHES:

PARIS. BERLIN. ST. PETERSBURG.

BULL'S EYES.

[*Being flashes of wit and genius from members of our staff—mostly after dinner.*]

"Consequences."—The Hon. Henry L. Bruce . . met . . . Miss Camille Clifford . . in a theatre. . . He said "Hang Papa." . . She said "*Why* do they call me a Gibson Girl?" . . The consequence was . . they got married. . . And the world said "What a splendid advertisement!" . . .

Keir Hardie . . met . . Richard Bell . . on a railway platform. . . K.H. said "Follow your leader." . . . Dckie said "Hanged if I do!" . . The consequence was . . that he didn't. . . And the world said "Well done, thou good and faithful (railway) servant!" . .

Mr. Lever . . met . . Mr. Pears . . in a lavatory. . . Mr. L. said "Let me 'soft-soap' you." . . . Mr. P. said "I'd *lather* not." . . The consequence was . . . War with the Sud'un. . . And the world said "A bas la Combine!"

Marie Lloyd has married Alec Hurley. They now sing a duet: "We've both been there before."

Mr. Lever has found that the odd ounce trick is not the weigh to treat the public. In fact, it won't wash—clothes or anything else. But "Old Trust is not dead"—yet.

According to the medical papers, the doctors are having a bad time; their incomes have dropped 25 per cent. The remedy is obvious; they must stop grumbling, and have more patients.

"Emotional" dresses have been followed by "emotional" dinner services, in which the plates and dishes suggest the flavours of the culinary masterpieces served on them. We called for rabbit pie at a restaurant the other day, and the design on the plate showed a cat and her kittens.

Included in the dietary of a woman who is 104 years old is the following item: "At intervals, whisky and biscuits." The woman is said never to eat between meals. We daresay she also doesn't drink between drinks.

The senior partner of the famous firm of Brinsmead has just entered upon his 93rd year in perfect health. *Va piano va sano.*

Miss Ethel Newman, who has "writted" Gatti's for giving Miss May's part to Miss Dare, says that as Miss May's understudy, the reversion should have gone to the new man and not to the new girl.

We learn from an article in the *Daily Mirror* that Welsh girls have an especial liking for chemistry. We wonder how they would pronounce ipecachuana.

"In these days of enterprise half the people we meet sell something or other—if it is only their friends. The other half give their friends away.

At Kamaiyayong, British Guiana, Jeremiah, the great chief, preaches to his people in the fine thatched church which he has built. It is time we thatched some of our churches; some of the tiles are loose enough.

The latest decree of fashionable New York is that the dog should match the gown, and if the dog does not match it has to be dyed. If the dyeing dog should die while dyeing canine lives be dyed?

A Torquat expert and a British Guiana man have just concluded a chess match of six games which occupied them three years. We live in hustling times.

Operating for appendicitis on a farmer, a surgeon found sweet pea seeds had been taken in mistake for liver pills. They then dug up the sweet pea bed and found they had planted the liver pills. What a time the worms must have had!

A Chicago firm, advertising for office boys, stipulates that they must be red-*headed*. Nothing is said as to the colour of the hair. The only red-headed boy we remember was just a day old, but perhaps they like to "catch 'em young" in Chicago.

The will of Dr. John Gott, late Bishop of Truro, has been proved at £82,611. Good Gott!

For selling coffee containing 10 per cent. of ashes and 12 per cent. of sand, a dealer at Hamburg has been fined fifty shillings. We have heard of Plaster of Paris, but this was Mocha of Hamburg.

An electric tramcar ran off the rails at Birmingham, and after travelling about twenty yards it fell at the base of the Chamberlain memorial clock. It was striking one.

"Crimson Crimes," by Jabez Balfour, in a Sunday paper, is too much. If he's not careful, people will wish him back whence he came.

Miss Magie, who offered her intellect for sale, has fallen on her feet. Catlike, won't she purr?

At a meeting of suffragists in Hyde Park, Mrs. Drummond said when she publicly asked Mr. Winston Churchill if he favoured women's suffrage, "he looked at her and laughed." Did she expect him to wink?

"A Restless Night" is to be produced at Terry's. We understand that the scene of the plot is laid at Margate, and that it will be played by a scratch company.

An article in a contemporary starts with a quotation from Heine, "What we eat we are." Then follow recipes for fig sandwiches, stuffed eggs, orange cakes, and macaroons!

A Bengalee lawyer was defending a lady in the Calcutta High Court. The judge asked him if his client was an adult, and received the prompt reply, "No, my lord, an *adultress*!"

An Indian student, describing a savage tribe of Central India, wrote: "The Bheel is a very black man, but more hairy. When he meets you he runs you through with a long spear, and throws your body in a ditch. By this you may know the Bheel." We have made a careful note of it.

Captain Barnes, York and Lancaster Regiment, has resigned his commission, and intends to devote himself to preaching. Will he join the other "Army?"

The Isle of Wight Education Committee have decided that when a lady teacher marries it will terminate her engagement. Of course it will.

A correspondent writes to the *Daily News* that while pulling apples from a tree he opened one of the ruddiest, and found, inside, a cuckoo's egg, inside of which was half-a-sovereign. But what about the cuckoo's notes?

Speaking of the second ballot, Lord Courtney said: "A candidate would shudder, after going through an election, at being hung up for a week or more, not knowing what was to happen." It does not, as a rule, take people who are hung up so long to find out what will happen.

A Battersea tramcar dashed into a draper's shop last week. The only remark made by the manager was, "Ladies, ladies! The sale is next Monday—not to-day!"

With the statement of Mr. Bell ringing in our ears that a Labour member can earn £2,000 a year by his pen, it is terribly like the descent of Snowden to find it is only about £250. Still, every little Alps.

Mr. Byles has given the Thunderer some "Hard Times" lately, and Mr. Moberley Bell has retaliated by giving Byles beans.

The *Daily News*, October 19, says, in reference to the threatened Soap Combine: "Most of our ancestors were filthy." We are sorry, but why boast about it?

At a Free Library a man was recently discovered with his head on a paper, snoring lustily, when the time for closing the room arrived. The journal in question was *Punch*.

"Whatever may be said against Napoleon," says Mr. Moberley Bell, "remember this to his credit, that he once shot a publisher." Well, many publishers have had a shot at him since.

Some unconfirmed rumours:—

That, *apropos* the discussion, "Have We Lived Before?" Mr. Hall Caine is engaged on a work, entitled "When I Was Shakespeare."

That the financial assistance Warings lately obtained was supplied by the *Daily Mail*.

That John Burns—already.

That the War Office breathes again, and feels virtuous, now that *some* of the men it permitted to shamefully rob the nation have met with tardy justice.

That Mr. Stead has taken a season-ticket for the Pavilion.

That the *Daily Mail* is edited by a woman—hence the name.

That Keir Hardie has ordered a Premier bicycle, Free Wheel, with a "hooter" instead of a *Bell*.

That the "Evening Newsance" and the "Daily Mirrorcle" do not *always* contradict each other.

A lady at St. Pancras was recently charged with bigamy, "to wit, on May 29, her first husband being now and then alive." If this means "occasionally," she should have a good defence.

A correspondent writes to the *Mail* to complain that he sent out some thirty boxes of wedding cake to his friends, and in nearly every case the cake disappeared. Well, that was better than losing his friends.

Mr. Leif Jones, M.P., has succeeded the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson as President of the United Kingdom Alliance. We hope they will now turn over a new leif.

The title of a new novel is "The Lady on the Drawing-Room Floor." Whether it was drink or a slip we don't know.

"Standing drinks is the curse of the country," said a judge at St. Austell County Court. That is just what a certain friend of ours thinks—and he has never been known to do it. Now, we shall call him the Patriot.

Professor Muther's book "The History of Painting," will shortly appear. It will be translated by George Kriehn. It would be a Kriehn' shame if a Muther didn't know something about painting after this.

What we imagine to be a sequel to "The Sorrows of Satan" has just appeared. It is called "Old Fireproof."

President Roosevelt has much to answer for. This, for instance: "A temerarious American lady, inebriated by her successful transmutation of macilent hoodlums into Sir Galahads, will risk the irrision of the hudibrastic by extending the scheme to the marcid 'peaky-blinders' of Old England." And the paper which inserts this once had a parrot.

A turf commission agent, whose only offence seemed to be conducting his business honourably on a big scale, has been fined £100. Never mind! *Magnus est veritas.*

The frantic tactics of the Suffragettes have turned out a complete cell.

While travelling from London to Edinburgh the other day, the wife of a policeman gave birth to a child in the train. It is a distinction of sorts, certainly; but there is no special reason why the child should make too much of a scream about it.

"On dit" that Mr. Walter Long has been invited to the leadership of the Irish Unionist party. It is understood that Sir Antony MacDonnell will prisintly thrid on the tails av his coat.

Mr. George Dance is about to sell his twenty provincial touring companies, with a grand total of expenses of £6,000 a week. It is not revealed which leg the Dance is on; but we hope the purchaser will get on the right one.

Motto for Sunlight Soap wrappers: Weighed in the balances and found wanting.

LIPTON'S TEA

THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

Popularity
Proves Superiority.

Lipton's Teas Excel All Others.

DRINK AND ENJOY

LIPTON'S DELICIOUS TEAS

Direct from the Tea Gardens.

THE BEST. 1/9 THE BEST.

NO HIGHER PRICE.

LIPTON'S SPECIAL

AT

WONDERFUL VALUE. 1/6 A SPLENDID TEA.

BETTER THAN OTHERS' "BEST."

RICH, PURE TEA

AT

1/- 1/2 & 1/4

Buy from the Growers,

LIPTON, LTD.,

TEA PLANTERS. CEYLON.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[JOHN BULL *replies to some of his numerous correspondents.*]

F. L. (Boreham Wood).—See our issue of September 29 (page 413). Williams and Co. (85, Erskine Road, Walthamstow) evidently continue to be "surprised" when their victims complain. A county court summons would do no harm, but we think it is a case for the police. Thanks for kind words. We are not down-hearted.

L. C. (Wolverhampton) says: "It is a crying shame, the state of things here. The Court days for judgment summonses are packed with men and women, quite a number with infants in arms seated on the steps." Everything at Wolverhampton seems to be sold on the weekly payment system, even false teeth.

A. A. (Paisley).—The man seems mad, and is, perhaps, best left alone.

J. T. (Clarendon Square) sends up a circular from Acté and Co., 85, Fleet Street, E.C. If he will buy from them 36 "Giant Song Post Cards," at 2d. each, they will send him a present. He asks if there is no way of stopping this sort of thing. Why not put offensive circulars into an envelope and return unstamped?

G. P. (Morniston) says the Gresham Publishing Company, of Southampton Street, Strand, are always advertising for representatives at fabulous salaries and commissions after their ability has been proved. They are then, says G. P., started on a small commission for a month, but their "ability" is never approved of. We should like to hear the other side of it.

"RIDER" (Brighton).—We will consider the idea.

J. S. G. (Glasgow) is very down upon our contributor Mr. Joseph Ralph and his recent article on "Savages and Sentimentalism." J. S. G. thinks that there were doubtless Joseph Ralphs in the days of "slobbering" Wilberforce, and he suggests a reference to the official records of the law courts to show that there is just as much savagery in Great Britain as in the whole of Africa. What says Mr. Ralph?

"ANTI-HUMBUG" (Manchester) waxes wrath at the rubbish comprised in the various publications of "Humbuggology," or occultism, and particularly those contained in the catalogue issued by Fowler and Co. dealing with "Fate, Fortune, and Luck." We quite agree with most that "A.-H." says, but he goes too far when he states that no man of any scientific or scholastic attainments believes in any form of occultism. What about Professors Crookes, Oliver Lodge, Wallace, and others? Still, "John Bull" is all right. He has never yet seen a ghost, and, in any case, he backs Mr. Maskelyne to beat the lot at "occult phenomena."

"OAKLEIGH" (Ealing) travels by train daily, and notices on Thursdays and Fridays the large number of passengers who are reading JOHN BULL. Being a student of phrenology, he observes that these readers are the people with the most intellectual heads. They are also the people with the best hearts.

E. M. (Hove) says there is an advertisement in the window of a house agent at Brighton: "Wanted, a lady to share expenses of a flat." The flat's name is not given—nor his expenses.

A. C. G. (Wilts) sends us a very amusing cutting from *The People* about some cyclists whose lamps went wrong, and who lit up their machines with glow-worms! We have awarded our contemporary a biscuit.

"JOHN BULL, MINIMUS" (Sheffield).—Thanks for information, which we note. What relation are we?

"CHUMMY" (London) wants our opinion of the Guildhall Investment, Property, and Advance Co., of 33, King Street, E.C. It is a money-lending concern—we believe respectably conducted.

A. J. P. (London) was a competitor in the "Four Just Men" competition, but he didn't get a prize. He is, however, delighted to see that one of the Rothschilds has won £1. Money always flys to money. Look at all the big racing stakes. The success of JOHN BULL is the only exception.

SOCHAHU (Belfast) wants to know why we have inserted the explanatory advertisement of the Clease Extensor, having previously thrown some doubt upon its merits. The answer is obvious—because we have been paid to do so—leaving the explanation to speak for itself.

F. C. W. (West Dulwich) wants our opinion of the Provident Clothing Association of Bradford. We regret we are unable to give him any information.

G. E. P. (Plymouth).—See answer to B. S. B.

E. C. C. (Nottingham) is another of Frazer's victims. We must refer him to our other answers and comments.

R. M. (Plymouth).—Thanks for cutting. Several further "Prisoners" are being summoned to the bar.

A. J. P. (Southampton) thinks "Grace and the Cricket" and "The Incompetency of the Liar," in our issue of the 13th "piffle." No accounting for tastes! We thought "Grace and the Cricket" exceptionally clever, although in the first portion of our issue the printer omitted the par. explaining that it was supposed to be an extract from JOHN BULL of a thousand years hence. "The Incompetency of the Liar" we also thought good—but, of course (like Mr. Justice Ridley and Mr. Justice Grantham) we are no judge!

H. B. (Manchester) tells us that whilst travelling from Manchester to Leeds the other day, the subject of conversation naturally being JOHN BULL, one of the passengers delivered himself of some very uncomplimentary references to the Editor. Barnum used to say it did not matter what people said about him, so long as they talked of him. So say we; it is all advertisement.

"CRITICISM WITHOUT CANT" asks whether we have always practised what we preach. Whoever did?

"EDINA" (Edinburgh) sends us a specimen of a new razor strop which he has invented, and asks our opinion of it. We have tried it, and find it excellent.

W. H. D. (Clapton) answered an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* for "a gentleman of good education to travel with a gentleman in South America," and, having replied to "Box 736, London Press Exchange, 15, Strand," he ultimately found some small apartments a hundred yards from the Strand, where there was certainly not sufficient accommodation for 736 boxes, whilst the staff consisted of one girl typist. He was ultimately ushered into the presence of two gentlemen, who informed him that they required a young man who desired to see the world, and who understood shorthand, typewriting, and Spanish, the terms being that he was to proceed to Mexico and give his services in return for second-class passage and expenses. W. H. D. feels very disgusted, but, assuming the offer to have been a genuine one, we should advise him to accept it. He might pick up a few valuable mining concessions whilst in Mexico, and come back a millionaire!

A. W. D. (London) writes to bear testimony to the straightforward manner in which Mr. Whitlock, of Camberwell, conducts his business.

C. S. (Lutterworth).—Skerry's College, Chancery Lane, will suit your purpose.

R. H. A. (Glamorgan) asks us to decide a dispute as to whether Mr. Jabez Balfour paid back three-quarters of the money lost over the Liberator collapse. He has paid back none of it.

J. J. G. (Glasgow) suggests we should award the whole of Huntley and Palmer's biscuit factory to a certain young actress, who, in a recent contribution to *Answers*, states: "The longer you are on the stage, the more you have to learn." J. J. G. thinks that at this rate the late Sir Henry Irving must have been a great ignoramus in his declining years. Probably what the young actress in question meant to say, was that even the youngest actress has something to learn. Very few, however, admit it.

R. L. (Bangor).—Your narrative seems to us to need condensing. If you persevere, we think you will improve—particularly if you read JOHN BULL.

W. J. S. (Withington).—We agree with you that magistrates who uphold imprisonment for debt ought to be sent to gaol themselves. Thanks for the cutting about the Blackburn man.

R. G. (Bingley) feels "a little bit suspicious" about the methods of J. Watson, Ltd. (61, Crutched Friars, E.C.). They are very anxious to sell him some tea, and offer all kinds of wonderful "free gifts" to persuade him. For over twelve months he has been receiving a succession of offers, each one positively the last. "Next week will be too late." Then follows another offer in a day or two under another pretext. At one time it will be stock-taking, at another the clearance of oddments. Again, to mark the installation of new machinery. Then exhibitions and Christmas trade. Always another chance is cropping up. A friend of R. G., who is a grocer, accepted a bicycle, and then had the utmost difficulty in selling the tea. Did he think Watsons were philanthropists?

"BITTENHARD" (Wimborne) considers the circulars of the National Securities Corporation (181, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.) very tempting. Judging by the name he chooses, we suppose he was tempted. No doubt it would be very nice to make £5,000 a year by investing £100. He asks whether the whole thing is a fraud. Well, like Socialism, if it is not a fraud, it is a folly.

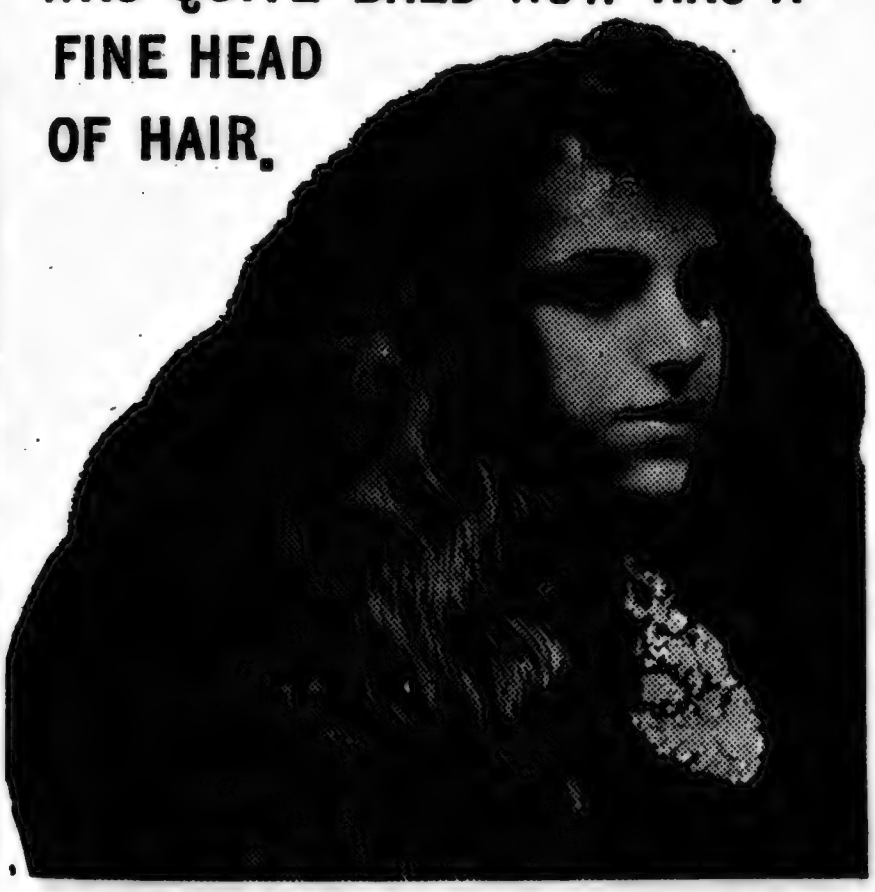
READ THIS WARNING.

A series of assertions are constantly being made in the interests of Internal remedies consisting of Salts of Iron and alleged to be capable of growing hair, that External remedies are useless. These statements are not true, and are easily disproved by any Physician, Chemist, or even a Student entering upon his medical career. External Treatment for Hair Troubles is, and will remain, the sheet anchor of modern medical practice, and statements made to the contrary can only succeed in misleading the ignorant and unscientific.

C-B's TRUE HAIR GROWER

"Hair Grown on Heads which have been bald for Years."—This is an extraordinary assertion. I have never made it upon my own responsibility, but I set it forward to your attention as being the main feature of hundreds of recommendatary letters which have reached me, of which the letter of Mr. Jevons is a fair example. I will on request send a collection of similar letters for your perusal. **They are all genuine,** and open to fullest investigation, and were sent to me voluntarily. **I have omitted to print** the complete name and address in most instances for obvious reasons, but every letter can be shown and perused at my London Office. **To every thinking person this unsolicited testimony must carry conviction.**

WAS QUITE BALD NOW HAS A FINE HEAD OF HAIR.



Burton-on-Trent.

Sir,—I feel it is my duty to write and tell you of the benefit my daughter has received from the use of your Hair Growing preparation. Some two or three years ago it began to fall off rapidly, and in less than a month she was quite bald. I used five or six boxes of your preparation, and I am pleased to say that now she has as fine a head of hair as it is possible to have, being nearly 2 ft. long, and very thick and curly. I have given a great many people your address, being constantly asked for it, and am recommending it wherever I can. You can make use of this letter if you wish to. Wishing you all success,

Yours gratefully,

JOSEPH JEVONS.

GREAT DISTRIBUTION OF LARGE TRIAL BOXES

My offer is a straightforward, honest proposition from a business man to sensible men and women. The merit of my True Hair Grower is in the preparation itself, and, whether you are suffering from complete or partial baldness, or, the hair has only recently manifested signs of falling a few applications of my compound will quickly convince you of its intrinsic value I am always careful to refrain from making exaggerated statements in my announcements of what my Hair Grower will do. I prefer to leave it to those who have actually used it and obtained the benefit they desired as evidenced in the remarkable and unassailable testimony here given. To enable you to make a fair test, if you write to me I will send you a **LARGE TRIAL BOX** of the John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower for Six Stamps only. You will then soon be able to prove whether my statement that it does actually grow hair is true or not. I was bald; it cured me, and it has cured thousands of others. Package will be sent securely sealed in plain wrapper.

6d
LARGE TRIAL BOX

EXPERT ADVICE TO CALLERS FREE.

Address—

JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH, 169c, CRAVEN HOUSE, LONDON. (Opposite British Museum)

J. H. J. (Hull).—We have referred to the advertisement of "a blessing from God and Holy Tonga" already. Also to others in the same spiritualistic paper.

Jayelel (Manchester), like nearly all our correspondents, says all sorts of nice things about John Bull, and wants to know whether he should enter into relations with Hapgoods, Ltd., of Temple Bar House, E.C. They call themselves "Brain Brokers." They are not the only firm which trades in the brains of their clients.

Nelson (Sheffield) has been "taken in by one tea insurance scheme," but is now wondering whether he will try another—this time the Neacol Tea Assurance. We are afraid that "Nelson" is too fond of tea. Instead of paying twopence a pound premium on each packet, let him buy two extra copies of John Bull, and live for ever.

H. E. H. F. (Shepherd's Bush) sends us a long and interesting letter on things in general, and on Mr. Keir Hardie and his "party" in particular. This is what is to happen when K. H. is Prime Minister: "Ireland a separate nation; Canada an American colony; India, Russian territory; Egypt, part of Turkey; Australia, a German colony; South Africa, back to the Boers and Krugerism; New Zealand and the rest of our possessions, to the highest bidders; Scotland, a distinct nation, and Wales independent; a fifth-rate navy and a tenth-rate army, and nine-tenths of the revenue spent on the working man." Poor old John Bull!

J. H. W. (Uxbridge) is thinking of buying a watch from H. Samuels, of 6, Market Street, Manchester. He had better think twice.

W. H. M. asks whether we guarantee the genuineness of every advertisement appearing in John Bull. Our answer is that we do not. We, however, use all reasonable precautions to ensure that nothing of a fraudulent character shall be inserted, and shall be happy at any time to have our attention called to anything of a suspicious nature. In the meantime, we will inquire carefully into the particular case to which W. H. S. directs our attention.

J. C. (Edinburgh) writes to know what are the qualifications of the "English doctor" referred to in the advertisement of the Turvey treatment. The answer is L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., and L.S.A. That should be sufficient "protection"—even for a "J. C."!

B. S. B. (London) and W. H. M. (Glasgow) write us further with reference to "Frazer and Co.," the "square puzzle" swindlers. They have disappeared, but we fancy that one of them is to be found down Tottenham way. Civil proceedings against them are useless.

Alec (Putney) writes in reference to our remarks on the Pelman memory system, that in the days of Loisette he was editing a newspaper in Africa. Loisette was announced to give a course of lectures in the town on "The Art of not Forgetting." On the morning after the first lecture he met Loisette, who apologised for not sending him complimentary tickets for the show, as he had intended to do, *as he had completely forgotten it*"!

Mr. Walter Hazell, treasurer of the "Children's Fresh Air Mission," of 52, Long Acre, has been interested in reading Dr. Herbert Snow's article in our recent issue on the fallacy of the "Day in the Country" idea. Mr. Hazell tells us that his society sends upwards of 3,000 children every year to country cottages for a fortnight's holidays, mostly taken from the crowded neighbourhood of Holborn, Clerkenwell, and St. Luke's. Ten shillings pays for a child's board and lodgings for a fortnight. There's a fine investment for any of our readers who have a spare half-sovereign!

E. G. S. (Crouch Hill) wants "our opinion on prize competitions." Well, it all depends. Our own Christmas-box scheme, for instance—well, that's all right!

The Rev. R. M. R. (Glasgow) is charmed to have made our acquaintance, and wishes us to know that "there is at least one clergyman in Scotland" who appreciates us. We are glad to say "there are others." The rev. gentleman also likes "Jim Crow," and agrees with all he says about missionaries. And, of course, he knows. Poor Jim gets so much abuse that this message will gladden his heart.

"Chris" (Islington).—The fact of the competition being under the direction of Mr. Chas. Windust is a complete guarantee of its genuineness.

E. H. P. (Kilburn) sends us some lines addressed to Mr. Chamberlain by a schoolboy named E. H. Savill. Of course, there is room for improvement—but we join in the fervent hope of this budding poet that "Dr. Ballance's pill" will soon put the right hon. gentleman "on his balance again."

E. A. B. (Bayswater) is pestered with lottery circulars—the last one being from Tipperary, for a grand prize drawing, and clearly illegal. E. A. B. cannot understand how these people get hold of his name. He should ask a policeman.

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RACING NOTES AND IDEAS.

By W. LOTINGA.
("Larry Lynx" of "The People.")

Our Editor.

Although Mr. H. Bottomley has very few flat-race horses just now, being too busy to attend to racing, he will have a bigger jumping stable than ever this winter, so that when Parliament is not sitting he will be able to be present.

What Say the Handicappers?

No races have been more easily won, or run away with, than the recent Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. What sort of prices and what sort of victories would those of Mintagon and Polymelus respectively have been had the former not been exposed in the Ebor Handicap and Polymelus not shown up and gained a 10lb. penalty at Kempton? What horses to have in big betting handicaps as "dark" candidates!

With Gardner-Leader.

The sport of the week—at both games, too—is at Newbury, a meeting that at once became an assured success. Everything tended to it, the natural beauties and advantages of the place compelled it, whilst everything is capped by the ripping train service—the sixty miles inside the hour not only promised, but invariably performed.

Close Too Early.

Trainers—especially those who live in inaccessible country districts, where the post leaves so early, complain of the absurd hour of closing most of the races—viz., 10 p.m. They contend that there can be little object in such an unreasonable hour being fixed, and that the morning's post, or a time such as 9 or 10 a.m., would be a much more satisfactory arrangement, and bring about an improvement, all round, in nominations. So it would.

Huntsmen Go Well "on Paper."

As in every trade and sphere, the fourth estate is not free from jealousy—it is usually an enforced, and an implied, rule for one paper to studiously avoid reference to another journal, to any subject, or especially individual, if it could be construed into an "ad." for that person or his paper. Such attributes as envy or dread of a rival's circulation" are no part of the composition of JOHN BULL, and therefore it becomes a pleasure to compliment Mr. G. J. Maddick, of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, upon his extraordinarily interesting "Hunting Supplement" embraced in last Saturday's issue. Sporting photography is done splendidly all round nowadays, but no true sportsman considers his week's reading complete without his *Sporting and Dramatic*. The racing scenes of whatever meeting is in progress are inimitable—beautifully developed and printed.

"Everybody" Bets Nowadays.

It is a debated question as to whether there is as much gambling upon racing nowadays as a generation back. The immediate answer is that there is in volume, but not in individual hands—that is, many more people bet in small sums, but there is not the heavy wagering in a certain few hands as twenty or thirty years back. With this fact in mind, it is also unquestioned that with the interlocutory proceedings in the entry, weights, and acceptance published weeks in advance there is more "little" betting upon the autumn handicaps—otherwise the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire—than on any of the other big events the year through. It is therefore all the more gratifying that both should have fallen to public favourites like Mintagon and Polymelus. Over both the public undoubtedly caught the fever, for each was a thoroughly exposed horse, and stood out in bold relief as almost the only ones in their respective races over which there was not some suspicion, doubt, or market "shuttlecock" business. It may be said that the training reports in each case pointed indisputably to the result, while the connections of the respective winners were confident, and outspokenly so.

The Ring "Knocked."

It is a fact that all the money in racing goes into the hands of the "big" men, be they bookmakers or backers, and towards it the numerous "little" bettors undoubtedly "subscribe." On this occasion, however, the real solid fruits are well divided, and never since Wargrave won his Cesarewitch, and possibly before that Victor Wild gained the Jubilee, have bookmakers, big or little, at home and abroad, been so hard hit. To the great majority "covering" was finally impossible; those betting to really heavy money were compelled to take a panic price to get out, but the great majority had neither the means, the credit, nor the capital to cover sufficiently. Therefore, with their backs against the wall, they were compelled to see it out, praying for something to happen to the favourite, or in the race for something to drop from the clouds. In some instances, by choice, fielders were justified in their determination to make it a gamble against the favourite by reason of the ridiculous utterly unjustified odds, whatever the result, and in whatever manner it was achieved.

Held "John Bull."

Mention of this all-round defeat of the ring, especially at this time of year, and after Mintagon's success, caused Monday's settling to be very, very incomplete. Towards the back end many "go for the gloves," and it is the period in which the swindling s.p. "merchant" gets desperate and pays only ONE thing—the advertisement charges, for the majority of newspapers accept anybody and anything for the sake of the fees. Whatever won a certain big section of swindling firms never intended to pay out, and as Polymelus came off the default will be more general, carrying considerable exasperation to scores of honest small backers, who think that they have at last found a winner—possibly the "double"—for the proverbial "winter's keep." Too late will all these victims "scream." It is no good after one has been bitten. May I exhort ALL those who have been "had" to send me the names and facts of the case. I will help them if it is practicable. Anyhow it will enable me to add to my "Black List" for the guidance of others in future, and, above all, may I beg my readers to pay heed to the advertisements on this page, and act upon them? This will prove what it is meant to be—a "Backers' Directory."

Prophetic.

Although not in the hands of the majority in time for Wednesday's racing, I prefer to allude to the day's programme if, as with Polymelus, the occasion demands. At Newbury, for instance, I desire to accentuate last week's hint to follow BILLIDERE in the Highclere Nursery, on the only course he has won over, and his owner's favourite and lucky track. It will be an appropriate success, for Lord Carnarvon's residence, Highclere Castle, is only four or five miles from the Newbury racecourse. On his Kempton form, when very much expected, Billidere must go close—he had won there up to four and a half furlongs, and was giving Galleot 9 lbs. Now the opposition is very poor. His stable companion, CARNEGIE, too, should surely get his Cam-

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bridgeshire backers their money back in quite a minor race now. In the Newbury Cup the class of Hammerkop should surely enable her to recover a partial loss of prestige; this is her last chance, for she is quite 10 lbs. better when the course exceed 2 miles—our long distance handicaps are usually one and a half or one and three-quarter miles. I am compelled to already discuss the Lincoln programme of next Monday, when Chestnut—whose Sandown form with Hong Kong and Succour works out so well—runs for the Great Tom Plate, and at the third asking should win for Lord Michelham. The Lady St. John colt—now called Lady Forfar—will take the Nursery here, or at Liverpool later.

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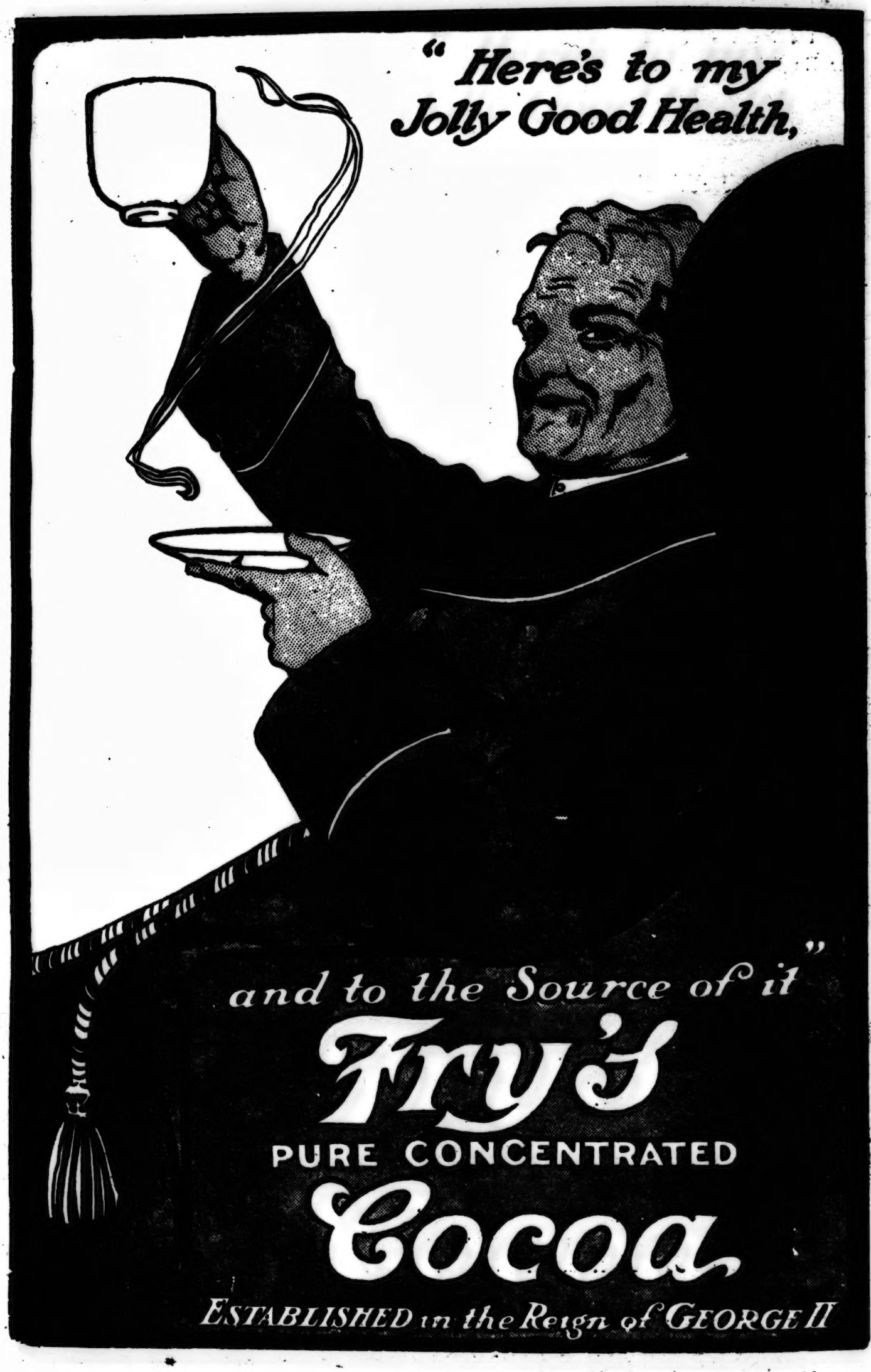

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